

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

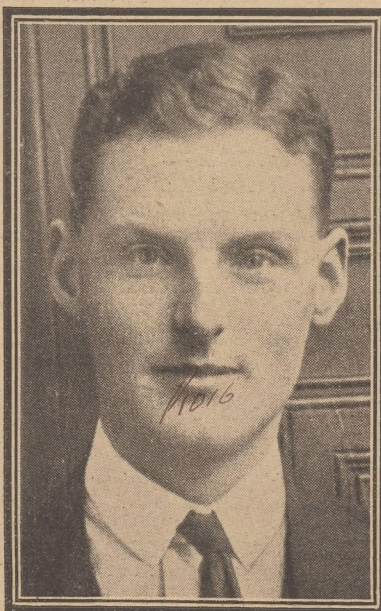
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One Penny.

HUSBAND WINS IN THE RUSSELL DIVORCE SUIT



The Hon. John Russell, heir of Lord Amptill, whose petition for divorce has succeeded.



One of the best studio portraits of Mrs. Christabel Russell.



Mr. Mayer, a co-respondent, found not guilty of misconduct.

Mr. John Russell, photographed at the Law Courts with his mother, Lady Amptill.

The latest portrait of Mrs. Christabel Russell, formerly Miss Hart.

After four hours' deliberation yesterday, the jury in the second Russell divorce suit returned a verdict that Mrs. Russell had committed misconduct with a man unknown. They found that Mr. Edgar Jacquard Mayer, the other co-respondent cited, had not committed misconduct with Mrs. Russell, and he was dismissed from the suit. Mr. Russell was

granted a decree nisi and costs. Solicitors for Mrs. Russell announced last night that they had lodged an appeal on her behalf against the result of the trial, which has lasted eleven days. When the parties to the suit left the court by the Strand exit there was an outburst of mingled cheering and booing by a crowd in the street.

WOMAN'S DRESS 'MYSTERY OF AGES.'

Judge's Comment About
Self-Decoration.

CAPT. NASH WINS.

"Men Should Check Their
Wives' Extravagance."

Mr. Justice McCardie (the bachelor Judge) made scathing comments on "extravagant woman," when he awarded judgment with costs yesterday to Captain J. V. Nash, of Duke-street, Grosvenor-square, sued by Calot Seurs, costumiers, of Avenue Matignon, Paris, and Buckingham-gate, London, for £657 7s. on account of his wife's dresses.

"The dress of woman has ever been the mystery and sometime the calamity of the ages," said his Lordship. Describing Mrs. Nash, who wished to be "the best-dressed woman in London," he said self-decoration was her being, her aim, her creed.

A husband's duty, said the Judge, touching on Mrs. Nash's thousands of pounds dress bills, is to check the extravagance of his wife.

"CURSE OF LUXURY."

Judge on Wife's "Craving for Self-Embellishment"—Husband's Duty.

Captain Nash, said Mr. Justice McCardie, denied that his wife had any authority to pledge his credit and said that he had provided his wife with necessities. The dresses sued for were not necessities and that it was his wife's ambition to be the best dressed woman in London.

His Lordship said the facts revealed a story of grave and deplorable extravagance. "The dress of woman," he added, "has ever been the mystery and sometimes the calamity of the ages." He quoted the following items of Mrs. Nash's dress bill:—

Evening dress, 2,400frs.; morning dress, 2,500frs.; evening dress, 3,700frs.; another evening dress, 3,800frs.; evening dress, 4,600frs.; fur stole, 15,000frs.

This account, said his Lordship, is a mere fraction of the dressing debts incurred by Mrs. Nash. "I must warn her that it is as true in some cases to-day as it was in some cases to-day, when it was written: 'A woman is the least part of herself.'"

Captain Nash, who was much in love with Mrs. Nash before he married her, infatuation sometimes led to perilous generosity. His income at the time of the marriage did not much exceed £1,000 a year, and his Lordship was satisfied that the wife's dressing bills had been at the rate of between £2,000, and £3,000 a year.

"Her craving for self-embellishment was insatiable. She sought to shine in the less intellectual sections of society where a woman's worth is measured by the frequency with which she changes her dresses."

Even the most expensive dress Mrs. Nash would wear three times only.

"MARRIAGE IS TAMING."

She purchased dozens of pairs of different kinds of shoes at a time. Her debt to two firms for a year was 10,000 francs for shoes. Everything was on the same scale, whether for hats, lingerie or the like. She drew herself beneath the fatal curse of luxury. Self-decoration was her vision, her aim and her creed.

She got delivery from the plaintiffs of the fur stole priced at 15,000 francs at the very time her husband ceased to cohabit with her. "The husband," said his Lordship, "was not free from blame. He yielded too much in their earlier married life to the extravagant instincts of his wife. It is the frequent duty of a husband to check his wife's profusion."

"Marriage," said Judge Eliot in "Middlemarch," "is a taming thing." In this case "it was certainly an expensive thing." Mrs. Nash threw the nobility of feminine life into the dust of perpetual amusement. The position of married women in status and in property had gone to the winds in recent years. Her economic independence was now established, but the husband's burden had not been altered.

His Lordship said he was satisfied the husband prohibited his wife from pledging his credit.

"I might well apply," concluded his Lordship, "the words of Victor Hugo in his 'Notre Dame de Paris.' Fashions have wrought more mischief than revolutions."

NEW QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL.

Lieutenant-General Sir Walter Campbell yesterday entered on his duties at the War Office as Quartermaster-General in succession to Lieutenant-General Sir Travers E. Clarke.

Sir Travers will almost immediately take over the position of deputy chairman of the British Empire Exhibition, in accordance with the recommendations of Sir William Jeyneson-Hicks.

'HIGHBROW' FARMING

Rural Workers' Courses at
Oxford and Cambridge.

STATE SCHOLARSHIPS.

Degree courses at Oxford or Cambridge for farm workers are provided for by an important scholarship scheme announced last night by the Ministry of Agriculture.

Not more than 170 scholarships will be provided out of a special fund for agricultural development voted by Parliament. They will be open to agricultural workmen or other rural workers of similar financial status, and their sons and daughters.

Ten of the scholarships are for degree courses in agriculture of three or four years at Oxford, Cambridge, or other universities.

Ten are two-year scholarships tenable at certain departments of agriculture and agricultural colleges.

Not more than 150 will be awarded for one year courses at farm institutes in agriculture, horticulture, dairying or poultry-keeping.

Candidates for the first two classes of scholarships must be at least seventeen years old on June 30, and must have reached a certain standard of education. The educational standard in the third class is not so high.

ROYAL WEDDING CAKE.

Duke and Lady Elizabeth to Visit
Famous Works To-day.

The Duke of York, who left for Edinburgh last night, will pay a visit to-day to Messrs. McVitie and Price's works, where the official wedding cake is being made.

He will be accompanied by Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon and Lady Strathmore.

In the afternoon the Duke will lunch with members of the Rugby teams playing in the international match.

88 MYSTERY BOXES.

Secret of Cargo from Constantinople
to London—Russian Treasure?

With eighty-eight secret sealed packages on board the troopship *Manora* arrived at Southampton yesterday from Constantinople.

After careful checking by representatives of the firm to whom they were consigned for public auction, the packages, unopened, were sent to London by road. Information concerning their contents was refused.

All that is known is that they came from Russia, it is believed, with the remnants of one of the governments of the Don provinces fleeing before the advancing Bolsheviks, and that for two and a half years they have been under armed guard in Constantinople.

One report says that they formed part of a certain valuable Russian product sent to Constantinople and confiscated by the British authorities.

NORFOLK FARM STRIKE.

Over 10,000 Agricultural Labourers Cease Work
on Wage Reduction Question.

Over 10,000 agricultural labourers went on strike in Norfolk last night as a protest against wage reductions from 6d. to 5d. an hour and an increase in hours from fifty to fifty-four weekly. Many of them are meeting in conference at Norwich to-day.

The labourers' leaders declare that the irreducible minimum has been reached as regards wages and the men object to working any more than four hours a week.

In order not to prejudice the Norwich meeting, the report of the agricultural deputations to the Prime Minister yesterday is being withheld for the present. The Premier, it is understood, intimated that the existing problems would require the Government's attention.

QUEEN MILENA DEAD.

Montenegrin Ruler Who Was Deposed
After War—Tragic Life.

Queen Milena of Montenegro died at Antibes yesterday morning. The Queen of Italy, said Reuters, had left on her return journey to Italy an hour before her mother passed away.

One of the most romantic, and yet most tragic, of the consorts of Europe, Queen Milena was a native of Montenegro, and was passionately devoted to her native nation of heroic mountaineers.

Over sixty years ago the handsome Prince Nicholas chose her from among his subjects,

OUR \$2,500 BEAUTY CONTEST.

Latest details about our \$2,500 Beauty Competition and Voting Coupon will be found on page 15.

and married her. Of her nine children the first two married Russian grand dukes.

After the death of her husband, in March, 1919, Queen Milena attempted to take the reins of Government in a country weakened and almost non-existent owing to innumerable wars, and for some time acted as Regent of Montenegro during the minority of her grandson. She was deposed, however, last year.

HUNTING PEER DEAD

Earl of Rocksavage Becomes
Marquis of Cholmondeley.

NOTED BEAUTY AS WIFE.

By the death of the Marquis of Cholmondeley, which occurred suddenly from a heart attack at Cholmondeley Castle, Malpas, Cheshire, yesterday, his son, the Earl of Rocksavage, who is thirty-nine years of age, succeeds to the title.

About three weeks ago the Marquis was severely injured in the hunting field. His horse stumbled, and he was thrown, alighting on his head. One of his thighs was broken, and his horse rolled over him.

The late Marquis, who was the fourth holder of the title, had the distinction of being earl, viscount and baron as well.

Formerly a lieutenant in the 9th Lancers, Lord Rocksavage, the new Marquis, served in the South African War, winning the Queen's Medal and three clasps.

In 1913 he married Sybil, the beautiful sister of Sir Philip Sassoon.

There are two sons and one daughter of the marriage. The heir is George Hugh, Viscount Malpas, who was born in 1919.

A well-known polo and lawn tennis player, the Marquis is an enthusiastic sportsman.

His wife is a noted beauty of singular charm, and portraits of her by Sir William Orpen, Mr. Sargent and Mr. Sims have been hung in the Academy.

D.S.O. FOR TRIAL.

Solicitor Committed on Fraud Charges
Totalling £12,000.

Formerly Clerk to the Northampton Justices, Colonel Thomas Francis Waterhouse, D.S.O., a solicitor, was committed for trial yesterday.

He was charged with fraudulently converting to his own use £8,500 relative to the estate of Louisa Jane Benson, and with three other charges similar in character involving sums amounting to £4,184.

Evidence was given by Richard Turner, a Birmingham solicitor, who said he interviewed Waterhouse last March concerning Mrs. Benson's affairs.

Mr. Turner said he showed Waterhouse a letter, and said: "I put it quite plainly, colonel. You robbed this lady of £3,500." He alleged that Waterhouse replied, "Yes."

CHILDREN FETE PRINCE.

Gift of 50,000 Guineas to Help Hospitals Fund.

In commemoration of the first visit of the Prince of Wales to the new London County Hall, and by his request thousands of children in the L.C.C. schools were yesterday granted a special half holiday.

Delighted youngsters numbering 1,600 trooped to Westminster from all parts of the metropolis and gave the Prince a rousing welcome.

For some time the children have been contributing to the London Schools Hospital Fund, and it was to ask the Prince's acceptance of a gift of 50,000 guineas that they went to see and to cheer him.

It was in his capacity as president of King Edward's Hospital Fund that the Prince received the money, which had been collected in farthings and pennies as well as greater sums.

NEWNHAM'S NEW HEAD.

Miss J. Strachey Elected Principal of
Famous Women's College.

By the unanimous election of Miss J. P. Strachey to be principal of Newnham College, Cambridge, as announced last night, new distinction has been added to a notable literary family.

Miss Strachey is a sister of Mr. Lytton Strachey, the author of "Eminent Victorians" and "Queen Victoria." Her mother, Lady Jane Strachey, has also published a number of books, and her father, the late Sir Richard Strachey, was a Fellow of the Royal Society.

IF LOOKS COULD KILL.

Court Story of Staring Duel and a
Little Thought-Reading.

"The prisoner looked at me with a suspicious look," said a witness in a dog-stealing charge at Lambeth yesterday, and the following dialogue with the magistrate, Mr. Rooth, ensued:—

Magistrate: What do you call a suspicious look? Witness: He looked at me as if he thought I was a police officer.

You could read all that was going on in his mind?—I think so, sir.

A thought-reader?—Not exactly. The prisoner's version was that the witness gave him a stare enough to kill me."

LATE SITTINGS FOR M.P.s.

A whip to Ministerialists intimates that it may be necessary to move the suspension of the House of Commons on the coming week, writes our Lobby correspondent.

This is necessary to secure Government business being completed in time for the Consolidated Fund Bill, which must be taken before the Easter adjournment, probably on Tuesday week.

A SUPER-NUMBER ON MONDAY.

Special Racing Issue of
"The Daily Mirror."

FIGHT PICTURES.

Genuine Photographs of Big
Dublin Bout by Air.

To celebrate the opening of the racing season *The Daily Mirror* will publish on Monday a super-number of twenty-four pages.

Features will be striking special articles on the Grand National and the coming flat racing season, and the first of a new series of Mutt and Jeff cartoons by Bud Fisher. Then there will be photographs, brought from Dublin by air, of the fight between Siki and McTigue.

These will be genuine photographs, taken by *Daily Mirror* photographers with the aid of our famous lights, and not imaginative "photostages."

MUTT AND JEFF APPEAR.

First of New Series of Adventures
of Mirth-Provoking Pair.

Racing enthusiasts will appreciate the striking article on the Grand National by Arthur Nightingale, which will be a feature of Monday's super-number.

There will also be a resume of the opening of the flat racing season and the form of the candidates for both the Lincolnshire Handicap and the Grand National.

The pictures of the much-discussed fight in Dublin between Battling Siki and McTigue will be brought from Ireland by a specially chartered aeroplane.

There is lively speculation regarding the new adventures of that famous mirth-provoking couple, Mutt and Jeff. *The Daily Mirror* has secured the exclusive English rights of these cartoons by Bud Fisher.

Mutt and Jeff are believed to be in the neighbourhood of Lincoln—but Monday will reveal the real facts.

Monday's great issue will also commence the "second round" in our £2,500 Beauty Competition, which is exciting tremendous interest.

One word of advice. Make sure of getting Monday's copy of *The Daily Mirror* by ordering it in advance. The issue will be particularly interesting to women.

BIG CONTEST TO-NIGHT.

Dublin the Mecca of Boxers' for
Siki-McTigue Fight.

From Our Special Correspondent.

DUBLIN, Friday.

The talk of the day in Dublin is tomorrow's fight between Battling Siki and Mike McTigue.

Ireland has suited both men in their training, and, with the work completed last night, both men are reported absolutely at their best.

London has sent a big contingent to see the bout, including Major Arnold Wilson, who probably has designs in matching the winner for his next big show in London.

Paris has sent Carpenter and Descamps with a view to seeing how the former world's championship conquerors fare.

Beckett has also arrived, and I am told Kid Lewis will be here in the morning.

Scores of tri-les figures of past and present boxing are in Dublin, all agog at the prospects of seeing what may well prove the greatest fight of recent years.

(Continued on page 14.)

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

To-day's Weather.—London and S.E.: Light to moderate easterly winds; brighter periods; rather cold. Lightening up late in p.m.

Lenin's Condition.—A medical bulletin from Moscow states that Lenin's health shows general improvement.

Wireless for Workhouse.—A fund has been started in Newcastle to buy a wireless installation for the workhouse inmates.

Princess Knits Jumpers.—Princess Yolanda is knitting jumpers as presents for her girl friends on the occasion of her marriage.

Schoolgirl Killed.—Leaving school yesterday, Marjorie Mathews, eight, of Kingsbury, was fatally injured by a steam wagon in Hendon.

The Earl of Mar and Kellie and his heirs here, by letters patent, have been appointed to the office of Hereditary Keeper of Stirling Castle.

Aviator's Feat.—After rising 16,000 feet in thirteen minutes in an attempt to beat the height record at Le Bourget, the pilot, Moutonier, made a forced landing.

Trapped by fire in a London waterproof factory yesterday, Patrick Macmahon and Archibald Hollinson were terribly burned before rescue in a critical condition.

Budget on April 16?—In official circles in London yesterday the opinion was expressed that the Budget cannot be introduced before Monday, April 16, writes *The Daily Mirror* Lobby correspondent.

RUSSELL TRIAL ENDS IN VERDICT AGAINST WIFE.

Decree Nisi for Husband on Issue of Unknown Man—Mr. Mayer Absolved.

JURY'S DECISION TO BE FOUGHT BY APPEAL

Cheers and Booming Outside Court Follow Result After Four Hours' Consultation.

Four hours' consideration of the evidence at the end of the second trial, lasting eleven days, resulted yesterday in a special jury in the Divorce Court granting a decree nisi to the Hon. John Hugo Russell, heir of Lord Amphil.

They found misconduct between the Hon. Mrs. Russell and an unknown man. No misconduct was found with Mr. E. J. Mayer, and he was dismissed from the suit as co-respondent. Mrs. Russell has lodged an appeal against the verdict.

From 8 a.m. till the result was known late in the afternoon a large crowd besieged the court, and when the parties left there was an outburst of mingled cheering and booing.

APPEAL LODGED AGAINST THE VERDICT.

Second Trial That Has Lasted for Eleven Days.

JUDGE'S QUESTIONS.

After a second trial lasting eleven days, the Hon. John Hugo Russell, heir of Lord Amphil, was yesterday granted a decree nisi from his wife, the Hon. Mrs. Russell.

The jury found that Mrs. Russell had committed misconduct with an unknown man.

[This was the issue on which the jury disagreed at the previous trial, lasting eight days.]

No misconduct was found with Mr. E. J. Mayer, the other co-respondent cited, and he was dismissed from the suit.

Two questions put to the jury by Mr. Justice Hill were:—

Had Mrs. Russell committed misconduct with a man unknown, whereby she became mother of the child born in October, 1921? Had she committed misconduct with the co-respondent, Mr. Mayer?

The jury gave their answers in the verdict Messrs. Withers, Benson and Currie, solicitors to Mrs. Russell, announced last night that they have lodged an appeal on her behalf.

As the parties were leaving the Law Courts at the Strand entrance there was a demonstration by a crowd outside, some booing and others cheering.

It was at 11.35 a.m. that Mr. Justice Hill concluded his summing up and the jury retired. They were absent exactly four hours, and were supplied with refreshments, the Judge remarking: "We do not want them to starve."

QUESTIONS OF MEMORY.

Judge on Possible Effects of Stress of Two Years' Controversy.

When the Judge continued his summing-up he dealt with the "peace-making" interview on July 7, 1921, between Mr. Russell and his brother-in-law, Mr. Welford.

In many respects, said the Judge, there was no controversy between the two. Mr. Russell had said, with regard to December 13, 1920, that he could remember nothing. On the other hand, Mr. Welford asserted that Mr. Russell mentioned the date.

Then Mr. Russell wrote declaring that the child could not be his, but that he would not have taken proceedings except for his father's name.

Was Mr. Russell, in the box, trying to tell them the truth? Was his memory to be trusted?

It might be that, after the stress of this long controversy of two years, Mr. Russell might have become convinced that something happened which never happened, or that something did not happen which actually did.

JUDGE AND THE CHILD.

An important witness was Mrs. Shortan, who said Mrs. Russell told her after the week-end at Oakley in December, 1920, that there had been no relationship.

If the jury were satisfied there was cohabitation on that particular date it ended the matter. If they thought there was not they must consider December, 1920, or the following January. There was no evidence of behaviour suggesting misconduct between Mrs. Russell and Mr. Mayer, apart from the evidence about the flat.

In his summing-up on the previous day the Judge told the jury that it was always a hard fate for a child whose legitimacy was questioned. Their verdict, if it were for Mr. Russell, would of course put upon the child a grave imputation, but this was an issue between husband and wife, and it did not indirectly brand the child, but it was not final or conclusive.

LORD FARQUHAR: "I WILL NOT RESIGN."

Explanation of Why He Will Not Give Up Office.

"SUBSCRIBED FOR COALITION."

"It is not true that Earl Farquhar has resigned his position as treasurer of the Unionist Party funds. Lord Farquhar has no intention of resigning."

This declaration, part of a statement issued last evening by a news agency, "on direct authority," creates one of the most piquant political situations of recent times.

Reports that Lord Farquhar had resigned his position were circulated on Wednesday. On Lord Farquhar's behalf it was stated that he had not resigned.

On Thursday it was officially announced that Lord Younger, formerly chairman of the party executive committee, had been chosen as Lord Farquhar's successor by Mr. Bonar Law, who makes the appointment.

Last night's authoritative statement regarding Lord Farquhar adds:—

"His position has always been one of difficulty and delicacy, inasmuch as he personally collected large sums, much of which was subscribed, and was expressed to be subscribed for Coalition purposes."

"Lord Farquhar absolutely refuses to resign his office until his position, which is obviously fiduciary, is sufficiently protected."

Lord Farquhar is also stated to have declared that he would refuse to give his signature, if it were necessary, before the funds could be transferred to the custody of Lord Younger.

Recently Lord Farquhar objected to the disbursement of some of the party funds at the request of Lord Younger, on the ground that the latter had no right to ask for such payments.

The matter was smoothed over by the personal intervention of Mr. Bonar Law, and the money was provided.

LONDON NEAR EAST TALK.

British Invite Allies to Preliminary Conference Next Wednesday.

The British Government has proposed to the French and Italian Governments that the Preliminary Conference to discuss the terms of the Allies' reply to the Turkish counter-proposals shall be held in London next Wednesday (says a Reuter Paris message).

M. Bompard will represent France.

The *Journal des Debats* says London will have to decide whether or not a resumption of negotiations is possible, as the counter-proposals show differences wider than was supposed.

As regards both judicial and Customs matters a regime would be set up which, if adopted, would impose on foreigners in Turkey an infinitely more rigorous control than that applied to Turks abroad (says the Exchange).

AGREED TO KILL HUSBANDS.

The amazing trial in Berlin of Mrs. Klein and Mrs. Rebbe, aged twenty-three and twenty-five respectively, on a charge of having agreed to kill their husbands, was concluded yesterday, when Mrs. Klein was found guilty of the murder of her husband, but in view of extenuating circumstances was sentenced to four years' imprisonment.

Mrs. Rebbe, who was found guilty of attempting to murder her husband, was sent to prison for eighteen months.



Mr. Justice Hill, who yesterday gave judgment in the Russell trial, the Hon. John Russell, the petitioner, in the famous divorce trial.



Mr. Justice Hill, who yesterday gave judgment in the Russell trial, the Hon. John Russell, the petitioner, in the famous divorce trial.

WOMEN BLUDGEONED BY GERMAN POLICE.

French Story of Demonstration Against Dear Food.

RUHR RAIL WRECKERS BUSY.

PARIS, Friday.

A Remeisch message, from French sources, says that yesterday there was a demonstration of women in front of the burgomaster's house against the high cost of living. The burgomaster refused to receive a deputation.

The Schutz-polizei cleared the street in circumstances of great brutality. Rifle-butts and bludgeons were used to disperse the crowd. Several women had to be carried to their homes and some were arrested.

Later 20,000 workers demonstrated in front of the police chief's office to claim the release of the women arrested. The Schutz-polizei were again called upon, and there were renewed scenes, in which blood was shed.—Reuter.

FRENCH SOLDIER KILLED.

Numerous acts of sabotage are taking place on the Ruhr railways, says the Central News.

At Friernheim station the points were blocked, with the result that a military train and a goods train collided. One soldier was killed and three injured. Three railway men were also hurt.

The Inter-Allied High Commission has decreed that sabotage will henceforward be punishable by penal servitude for life, says Reuter. The French have now decided to place leading German civilians as hostages on engines of trains driven by Frenchmen.

Important facilities have been granted by the Inter-Allied Rhine-Land Commission to foreign buyers in respect of orders placed before February 1st last (says Reuter).

A military band played martial music outside the principal station at Essen yesterday (says a Reuter telegram).

Soldiers had their rifles slung, but smiles took the place of bayonets. Germans encircled the band and listened with evident enjoyment to the music.

THE KING AND QUEEN.

Last Afternoon Party of Season at Buckingham Palace.

The King and Queen gave the second and last afternoon party of the season at Buckingham Palace yesterday afternoon. Some 300 guests were present, and were received by their Majesties in the Bow Room.

The guests commenced to arrive about four o'clock, and after they had been received perambulated the famous picture galleries.

Later their Majesties mingled freely with their guests and informally conversed with them.

DEFENCE, NOT DEFIANCE.

Boy in Court Expecting Birch Wears Two Pairs of Trousers.

Ramsgate magistrates were informed by the Chief Constable that a boy of thirteen, who came to court on a summons for theft, expected to be birched and arrived wearing two pairs of trousers.

CHINESE GUN RUNNER.

Steward Fined £365 for Smuggling 142 Revolvers and 17,256 Rounds.

Convicted of illegally importing arms into the United Kingdom, Woo Kun Dai, a Chinese steward on the steamer Glenapp, was at East Ham ordered to pay treble value, amounting to £365 2s., or to undergo ninety-on days' gaol. It was stated that 108 revolvers and 15,000 rounds of ammunition were found on the vessel on the high seas. Woo Kun Dai, closely questioned, denied having any more, but when the vessel arrived in King George's Dock thirty-four more revolvers, and 2,256 further rounds of ammunition were found.

Woo Kun Dai said that he got the arms and ammunition from a Dutchman and intended taking them to Hongkong.

HUNTED MAN HIDING IN WOOD.

Masked Bandit Chased by Police on Motor-Cycles.

DAYLIGHT HOLD-UP.

Constable Shot at by Robber Who Escaped with £465.

A man who raided the office of the Glanrhy Tinplate Works, Pontardawe, Swansea Valley, yesterday, and got away, in broad daylight, with £465, was hiding last night in a wood which is hemmed in by the police.

An exciting chase by police on motor-cycles took place after the robbery and a constable was shot at, but the man escaped.

Entering the office of the Tinplate Works, masked and armed, the raider shouted to the clerk:—

"Hands up, or I fire! I am the same man who was at the railway station."

This referred to a "hold-up" which occurred a few weeks ago at Pontardawe Station. The £465 is said to have been the workmen's wages.

CHASE OF ARMED MAN.

Court Tale of Dramatic Arrest of Alleged Burglar.

The chase and capture of an alleged armed burglar, William Willis, who had been living recently at an hotel near Paddington, was described at Chelmsford yesterday, when he was committed for trial charged with burglary, housebreaking and attempting to shoot at Charles Hall Page.

It was stated that when a constable tried to arrest Willis he bolted and was pursued.

Drawing a revolver, it is alleged, Willis threatened to shoot. Page caught him and the man covered him with his revolver, which was loaded in one chamber.

WOMAN DEAD IN HOTEL.

Manslaughter Verdict at Inquest in Southwark Tragedy.

Manslaughter under great provocation was the verdict against Albert Edward Baker at the Southwark inquest yesterday on Ethel Louise Southsmith.

The woman was found dead in a room in the annexe of the Argosy Hotel, Borough High-street, on Sunday.

Baker went to the police and has been charged with murder. Baker told the coroner that he wished to add to the statement he had made to the police. In this he said he struck the woman with his shoe, and he added yesterday: "When I woke I saw the woman searching my pockets, with some of my money in her hand." The jury added to their verdict the following rider: "We are of the unanimous opinion that the Argosy Hotel and annexe are not run on right and proper lines."

M.P.'S EGG STORY.

Brood of Lizards from "New Laid" Setting—Commons Debate.

A story of "new-laid" eggs that hatched lizards was told in the Commons yesterday by Mr. Pretymann, during the debate on the Merchandise Marks Bill, one of the chief provisions of which is to make compulsory the indelible marking of every foreign egg which comes into this country.

Mr. Pretymann told of a Nottingham housewife who bought "new-laid" eggs for hatching and placed them under a broody hen.

In due course there emerged from four of the eggs not chickens—but lizards! They were, in fact, Chinese eggs.

Mr. William Graham, who moved the rejection of the measure, pointed out that it would involve the stamping of 2,000,000,000 eggs every year. Administratively, it was a well-nigh unworkable scheme, and its effect would be to force food prices up.

Mr. J. M. Hodge said if they were going to mark eggs, why should they not be thorough about it? Why not give every egg a passport?

TUESDAY'S LIBERAL UNITY PARLEY.

The next step towards Liberal reunion will be taken on Tuesday, when the Reunionist M.P.s, at a meeting at the House of Commons, will discuss the report of Mr. Alexander Shaw's interviews with Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George, written in *The Daily Mirror* political correspondent.

Children's Dress

HEADS UNADORNED—BUT POCKETS TRIMMED.

JUST at the moment the bow as a decoration for little heads sunning over with curls is dead. A rather exaggerated side parting is made, and then the bobbed hair is encouraged to curl about the ears. It means constant attention with a fine soft brush, but what proud mother minds that? And the children are pleased, since bows will get lost in rumps, and we are unreasonable enough to blame the romper!

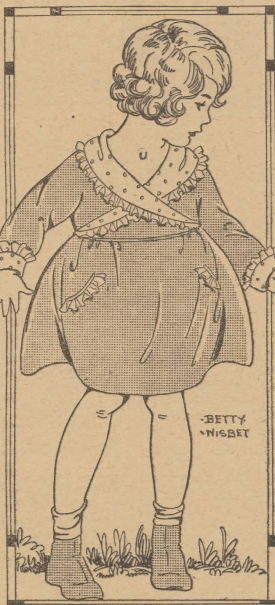
POCKETS.
It's positive cruelty to deprive the wee girl of pockets—and as they add such a decorative note to little frocks, no one wants to do it. The new pockets are slit ones, set slantwise and decorated by wee frills.

THE DECORATIVE BIB.

Threaten to make an eight-year-old wear a bib and there will be tears and rebellion—unless it's a bib of graduated frills of net to match the three-frilled cuff. These "bibs" or vests look charming on a darsk party frock.

CAPE-COATS.

Little girls have capes to their coats now, which hang to the waist. I saw pretty little Rosemary Grosvenor, Lady Edward Grosvenor's tiny girl, who is so much in demand as a bridesmaid, in one of these recently in the Park. They are not cumbersome, as one might expect, as they can be caught in little woollie coat in by a belt behind and hardly cover the shoulders, an outing nowadays.



Any five-year-old would feel good in this funny little frock, with its shawl and frilled cuffs and slit pockets—even though the pockets do not hold much.

THE new overalls for small girls and boys are set in a deep pointed yoke, and have no sleeves at all—but a really good centre pocket.

THE APRON STAGE.

There invariably comes a stage in the growing schoolgirl's life when she is afflicted with an apparently incorrigible laziness over trifles—such as the changing of her school dress or the putting on of an overall. Try her with some very attractive aprons instead of nagging her—since it's largely a sloth purely physiological. The new handkerchief points aprons are easy to make and to wash.

BABY'S WRISTLET.

Why shouldn't baby have a wristlet—a softly gathered satin one with a tiny tinkling bell on it or, if everything finds its way into the wee red mouth, a carved ivory ball with something loose inside that rattles?

POSIES FOR BABIES.

Those sweet little posies that appear on our Victorian dance dresses have strayed on to the babies, too. Mothers are buying them in clever silk imitations and sewing them on big safety-pins, which then fasten the shawl or which the wee thing takes

Freagroath Shoes

MAKE HAPPIER CHILDREN



Mould Growing Feet on Nature's Last

Thousands of families "Freagroath" shoes are known as anatomically correct for children. They are built upon the only lines that can be relied on to bring the child's foot to maturity without laying the foundation of future troubles.

From the age of two years up to twelve or thirteen, "Freagroath" footwear fits and responds to the bones and muscles of growing feet. It conforms to the laws of Nature—the Master Last.

Step into the nearest of the 500 F.H.W. shops and see these soundly-made, perfect-fitting little shoes. You will find the F.H.W. prices much lower than elsewhere.

Freeman, Hardy & Willis LTD.

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G.W.R. SPECIAL FACILITIES FOR EASTER!!

Many Ordinary Expresses will run in two or more parts. Convenient Excursions at REDUCED FARES to cover the holiday period. EXTENSION OF WEEK-END TICKETS.

GLORIOUS DEVON

SOMERSET, DORSET, CHANNEL ISLES, JERSEY and GUERNSEY, the Gems of the Channel, SEVERN, WYE and THAMES VALLEYS, etc.

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EASTER HOLIDAYS

MIDLAND COUNTIES, IRELAND, Principal Towns, Inland Spas and Holiday Resorts, etc.

NORTH AND SOUTH WALES CAMBRIAN COAST

"Holiday Haunts" Guide for 1923. Now Ready. "THE HOLIDAY BOOK OF THE HOLIDAY LINE."

Send 1s. to the Superintendent of the Line, G.W.R., Paddington Station, London, W.2, for a copy. Full particulars of all Easter Services, Cheap Excursions and Week-End Facilities, etc., obtainable at all G.W.R. Offices and Stations, or from Enquiry Office, Paddington Station. Phone Paddington 7111. FELIX J. C. POLE, General Manager.

PERSONAL.

L.—Love your leers, but please see you soon.—G.
"NO, we weren't." Dec. 6th. Please allow explanation.
—Arlie, 324, South Lambeth.
SUPERFLOUS hair permanently removed from face with electricity: ladies only.—Miss Florence Wood, 29, Granville-gardens, Shepherd's Bush, W.12. Mtn. Tube.
SUPERFLOUS Hair cured by original method, call or write: home treatment, 12s. 6d.; sample, 2s.—Helen Lawrence, 167, Kensington High-st.

GARDENING.

DONNIE and Co., Ltd. Royal Seedsman, Edinburgh, will send a copy of their 1923 Catalogue and Guide to Gardening, free, if this paper is mentioned.
100,000 ILLUSTRATED Catalogue given away this week.
bundles of all kinds of Plants, Shrubs, Trees, Roses, Currants, Gooseberries, Camellias; all at 6d. per lot; everything for garden, do not miss this; send for your catalogue at once.—G. F. Lettis and Son, Growers, 65, Huddell, Sudell.

ARTICLES FOR DISPOSAL.

BABY Carriages: greatly reduced prices; cat. free.—R. Bolton, 408, Kingsland-rd., E. 8.
BABY Cars from factory on approval; carriage paid; no shop profits, lowest prices for cash or easy payments; write for art. catalogue post free, and save money.—Godiva Carriage Co. (Dept. 55), Coventry.
BELOW Pre-War Prices for few weeks only.—Furniture, carpets, pianos, etc., secondhand, modern and antique, 200 complete bedroom suites from 9 guineas; antique bow front chests and tailboards, 70 beautifully-sprung Chesterfields from 6 guineas; comfortable lounge chairs, 2 guineas; over 100 complete sets of drawing and dining room furniture. 7-piece Chesterfield suites, from 14 guineas; carpets of every description from 2 guineas; quantity of Persian rugs, 60 pieces from 19 guineas; send for catalogue.—Curzon's Furniture and Carpet Depositories, Ltd., 272, Fenchville-rd., King's Cross, N.1. (near King's Cross Station). Hours, 9 till 6, including Saturdays. Goods stored free 12 months, if desired, or delivered town or country free.
TEA Sets 5s. 6d., Dinner Sets 12s. 6d., Toilet Sets 12s. 6d.; Plates, Cups, Saucers, at lowest prices; catalogue free.—Liverpool Pottery Co., Burslem.



"However did you make these old patent shoes look so smart?"

"With Cherry Blossom WHITE Boot Polish, Ma'am."

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH (WHITE) FOR PATENT LEATHERS.

In 4d. and 6d. TINS.

Also put up in the following colours:—

TONETTE: A lovely shade of mahogany brown.

DARK TAN: Imparts a beautiful nigger-brown shade to leather.

DEEP TONE: Stains leather a rich deep tone—very attractive.

MANSION POLISH

is the superior wax preparation which gives such a brilliant finish to Furniture, Stained or Parquet Floors and Linoleum.

Sold in Tins, 4d., 7d., 1/- and 1/9.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1923.

THE RUSSELL VERDICT.

THE "MODERN WOMAN'S" VIEW OF MARRIED LIFE.

THE Russell case has at last ended—in favour of the husband.

It was very properly narrowed down by the Judge to the question of the wife's misconduct with a man unknown and with the respondent cited in the re-trial.

The jury have decided for the former alternative. They have rejected the latter.

There we must leave it—only remarking that questions of "misconduct" in these days are complicated by the boasted new standards set up for the woman who is supposed to be a product of the war.

What sort of a woman is this?

The type emerges vividly from the evidence in this case.

In the words of the Judge's summing-up her conduct may be "foolish, self-willed, selfish." But she claims all liberty for the full development of her personality on those lines. "Ordinary domestic life" is not a part of her preoccupations.

Her "hasty war-marriage" is not made, certainly, "for better or for worse," for companionship or sacrifice; but mainly with a view to amusement or "independence." And if the proprieties are involved, the answer will be that, where a woman is cold and passionless, there can be no impropriety. The new type is ashamed of being thought sentimental.

Perhaps the old-fashioned may ask why, in that case, the very modern woman takes the trouble to marry. For the old-fashioned believe that the happiness of marriage depends on the power of inspiring and giving affection.

EXPENSIVE MARRIAGE!

MR. Justice McCcardie—evidently one of the most literary of our Judges—enlisted a large number of familiar quotations yesterday for the condemnation of a woman's extravagance in dress.

George Eliot, Hazlitt, Matthew Hale and Victor Hugo were among the authors cited to crush the "grave and deplorable" mania in a wife for measuring her own worth by the frequency with which she changed her dresses.

"Ostentation," says one, "is the worst form of vulgarity." "The vanity of loving fine clothes and valuing ourselves by them" says another, "is one of the most childish pieces of folly that can be." So speak the major moralists. So they have spoken for centuries.

But what is the use of their invective? Women of the 'best-dressed' type remain. Conventions or crazes are never killed by sermons.

We fear that Mr. Justice McCcardie may not succeed where so many great writers have failed. Husbands who have made "expensive marriages" with dress maniacs can therefore only rely upon his interpretation of the law. And if they happen to be poor—the husband in this case was not rich—it is well that they should know and remember that, even if their wives have separate incomes, they are still liable for their bills! A poor husband is bound to feed and clothe a rich wife.

Another instance of the feminism of "man-made law"!

A woman's economic position has been vastly improved during the last fifty years. The husband's burden remains the same. He can only decide whether his wife should pledge his credit. In this case the husband had guarded himself against that.

But young men whose "infatuation leads them to perilous generosity" will do well to scrutinise the "fashions" of those they intend to marry.

If she charms you by her elegance before marriage, she may horrify you afterwards by wanting you to pay for it, even if her income be ten times the size of your own.

W. M.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

Cruelty to Animals—An Only Child—Keeping Our Street Statues Clean—London Beggars.

CHEAP CRUELTY.

ALL good citizens will approve of your leader on the subject of cruelty to animals and of your advocacy of severe measures to put down this abominable crime.

I entirely agree with your correspondent, Miss Lydia Benn, as to the hopeless inadequacy of the penalties at present imposed on the class of criminal she aptly describes as "pesta" and, like her, would insist on a punishment to fit the crime—i.e., a dose of "the cat" in addition to a long term of imprisonment with hard labour.

JOHN D. GRANT
(Hon. Sec., Ipswich Crusaders' Animal Protection Society).

THERE have been many recent cases of cruelty to animals which you have rightly exposed and condemned, but there is one aspect

COLOURED TABLE LINEN.

WE are too fond of pure white table linen. At times it becomes monotonous and dull. Coloured tablecloth and napkins should be more popular. They can be made to match the flowers of the centrepiece or other decorations, and produce a striking ensemble with the shining silver.

A. J. KENWORTHY.

"WELL-BEHAVED."

AS the mother of an only child I entirely disagree with Dr. Crichton Miller's words quoted in your issue of the 14th, i.e., "single children are rapidly becoming a curse of the country."

Where there is a well-trained, energetic and capable nurse who loves her work and where the nursery life is led, with, of course, regular

A FEW MORE RECORDS THAT MIGHT BE TRIED.

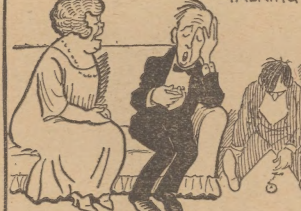
TO EAT AND DRINK FOR 16 HOURS ON END



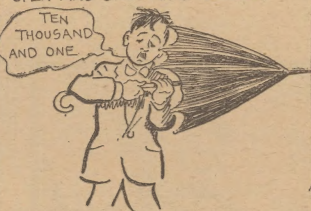
TO SEE HOW LONG ONE CAN KEEP ON SMOKING



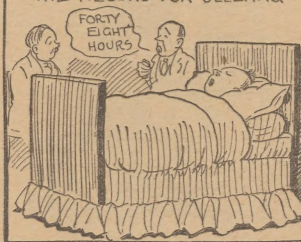
MAKING THE RECORD FOR CONTINUOUS TALKING



TO SEE HOW MANY TIMES ONE CAN OPEN AND SHUT AN UMBRELLA



THE RECORD FOR SLEEPING



BREAKING THE RECORD FOR NON-STOP BRIDGE



There is a new craze for breaking dancing records, by "keeping it up" for hours on end. Here are some suggestions for those afflicted with this sort of mania.

of the matter which I think ought to be considered. This is especially applicable to the recent case concerning two Oxford undergraduates, who set some dogs on to a cat.

Is this case not analogous to fox-hunting and rabbit-coursing?

Yet both of these occupations are those of a sportsman and an English gentleman.

ANOTHER OXFORD UNDERGRAD.

I HAVE read with great interest Miss Fay Compton's letter on the above subject.

There is only one effective method of dealing with brutes who torture defenceless animals, and that is by sharp physical suffering.

In all serious cases it should be six months' hard labour and "the cat," and this should be applied, as you say in your leader on the subject, with the "utmost impartiality to every class of offender."

R. BATHURST RAVENSCROFT
(Vicar of St. Philip's, Worcester Park).

CLEANING OUR STATUES.

"W. M." may well ask the cost of cleaning our numerous London statues.

I would not even like to make a guess at the cost of labour incurred in washing the grime and dirt of London from these "unwanted" monuments.

When I look at the Abraham Lincoln statue, for instance, I feel I want to mount the column and sit in the chair which stands at his side and be photographed.

If we must have statues, why not be content with small busts of notables instead of the large ugly type of statue usually erected? M. W.

times spent with the parents, I know from my own experience that an only child can be, and is, as well-behaved, happy and healthy as one of a number. THE MOTHER OF AN ONLY CHILD.

THE SKILLFUL BEGGAR.

ONE of your readers is curious to know which is England's, and especially London's, "particular mendicant."

I think that the most skillful sort of beggar is the person who comes up to one and asks for a little money, saying that he (or she) has lost his (or her) money, and cannot get home. They then produce their card, and swear to send on the money. Yet one never hears anything more from this person.

This has so frequently occurred to me that I have decided in future to use my judgment more carefully when asked for money. I declare I shall never again help such grand boys.

H. G. B.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 16.—Directly the soil is in a dry, friable condition hardy annuals may be sown where they are to flower. These beautiful and easily-raised subjects will fill the summer and autumn garden with colour if given careful attention. Let the soil be light and deeply dug and the position a sunny one.

Now very thinly and just cover the seed with fine sandy mould. When the young plants are large enough to handle thin them out to several inches apart; if this is neglected the blossoms will be small and the flowering period a short one.

E. F. T.

PEOPLE WHO MUTTER HORSES' NAMES.

SIGNS OF THE RACING SEASON NEXT WEEK.

By JAMES CLIFFORD.

I KNOW lots of good fellows who seem to get mad about this time of year.

They get in dark corners and mutter at one another, and when you pass by and say "Good morning. Isn't it a jolly spring day?" they look furtively at you and mutter some more.

I've got used to it now, but for a long time I couldn't understand it.

I thought it was the spring or something, or they were learning a piece for amateur theatricals.

But it isn't that, they're only horse-racing persons committing the names and family failings of all the racehorses to heart or something like that.

But it takes them in a funny way. Sometimes they buttonhole me and lead me into a dark corner and say "Gollywog," or "Golden Jew," or "Tutankh," and what do I think of them.

Well, I haven't any thoughts about them at all, and when I say so they look pained and say all right, if I want to be stuffy about it I can.

But I don't want to be stuffy; I don't know what they're talking about. I might as well take a fellow into a quiet corner and say "Boo" at him suddenly and then get annoyed with him because he thought I had contagious psycho-neurosis.

There was a man at the same table with me at lunch the other day; quite a decent chap at most times of the year—pays his income tax and doesn't ill-treat his family. I tried to talk to him on every subject—listening-in and Tut and the housing scandal—but he only grunted.

A HORSE OR A WINE?

Then he said suddenly did I fancy "Port Royal."

I had an awful disappointment. I thought at first he was going to be hospitable. I said of course it was against my usual custom, but perhaps one glass wouldn't do me any harm.

But he glared at me and said he didn't mean that, he meant what did I think of Port Royal.

I said I'd never been in the West Indies and didn't know. So he had blood pressure, and was distinctly unfatiguing to me, and said didn't I know Port Royal was a horse?

And the more I said no, the more he said of course I must. He seemed to take it personally. Within five minutes he was telling me that I was all wrong and that it hadn't got an earthly, and he'd lay me twenty to one then and there about it.

And it's the same with scores of fellows just now. They get frenzied over some comic name and argue and argue about it and get so cross with you if you won't join in.

Only the other day I was having a splendid discussion with a sensible man, who said he'd heard a chaff-chaff down in Dorsetshire. One of these racing fellows came up and wanted to know all about it, and whether we fancied his chances.

And when at last we got it into his equine head that we were talking about a bird and not a horse, he just looked at us as if we were demented and walked away muttering the best bird he knew was Turkey Buzzard for a place.

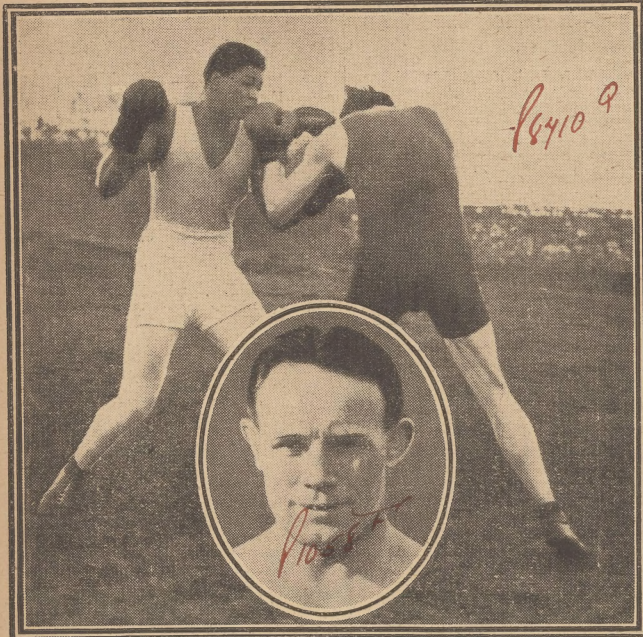
Laxatives Replaced

By the use of Nujol

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe. When you are constipated there is an insufficient quantity of lubricant produced by your system to keep the food waste soft. Doctors prescribe Nujol because its action so closely resembles that of this natural lubricant. Your chemist has it. Try it to-day.

Nujol
For Constipation

TO-NIGHT'S LIGHT HEAVY-WEIGHT CONTEST THE INTERNATIONAL



Battling Siki in a training bout at Howth. His meeting with McTigue (portrait inset) takes place to-night at La Scala Theatre, Dublin. The only genuine pictures of the contest will be published in *The Daily Mirror* super-number on Monday next.



Miss Lubbock and Lady Robert Manners discussing the day's sport.



Major the Hon. A. H. Tennyson, who rode in Belvoir Hunt Welter race.



Lady Winifred Cecil, Lady Exeter and Colonel Burns Hartopp enjoy a little joke.

HUNT POINT-TO-POINT RACES.—At the Belvoir Hunt Point-to-Point races, Barrowby, near Grantham. They drew a large attendance of well-known sportsmen and sportswomen, and the racing provided plenty of well-appreciated entertainment.



W. J. A. Davies, English captain, left, and A. L. Gracie, Scottish captain, for to-day's England v. Scotland international Rugby match at Inverleith, Edinburgh.



IN BLACK AND GOLD.—A new model from Paris. It is of black and gold satin with collar and cuffs of squirrel fur, and the effect is extremely distinguished.



QUITE NOVEL.—An original toque in satin of a soft tobacco shade covered by an embroidered veil. Two large-headed pins are important items.



All made with "RAISLEY."

Light cakes, crisp pie-crusts, delicious scones and spongy suet puddings—all can be made easily and well, even by the novice, by the use of "Raisley."

Just one part of "Raisley" to six or eight of ordinary flour ensures the proper consistency in the dough, and that speedy "rising" in the oven which means a successful and tempting result.

Children and grown-ups alike love those little cakes that are "Raisley-raised."

Raisley

The SURE raising powder

Formerly known as "Paisley Flour."

11d., 5d., and 2d. packets.

Send for "Tea-time Recipes," a book containing many valuable recipes and baking hints, to Brown & Polson, Ltd., 6, Bowdrie St., London, E.C.4. Enclose 1d. stamp for postage.

CURED PERMANENTLY IN 7 DAYS NERVOUSNESS TIMIDITY, BLUSHING

You need not go through life handicapped with such wretched disabilities as Blushing, Shyness, Weak Memory, Defective Will Power, Want of Confidence, Trembling, Twitching, Depression, Insomnia, etc. YOU can be CURED, completely, permanently, in 7 days. GUARANTEED CURE for either sex. No one need suffer. The cure is very simple and private, and will not interfere with any business or household duties. It has cured THOUSANDS after Doctors, Physical Culture and Suggestive have failed. Write at once, mentioning "Daily Mirror," for full particulars, will be sent Free of charge. E. M. DEAN, 12, All Saints' Road, St. Ann's-on-Sea.

Skin Troubles —SOOTHED— With Cuticura

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, sold everywhere. British Depot: F. Newbery and Sons, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse Square, E.C.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI—At 8.15. Mats, Wed, Sat, Easter Mon, 2.30. **BATTLING BUTLER**, Jack Buchanan. Phyllis Titmuss. **ALDWYCH**—To-day, at 2.30, 8.15. **TONS OF MONEY**. Mats, Wed, Sat, 2.30. Yvonne Arnaud. Ralph Lynn. **AMBASSADORS**. "A LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF". To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. Matinee, 2.30. Sat, 2.30. **APOLLO**—8.30. **PHYLLIS NELSON-TERRY IN A ROOF AND FOUR WALLS**. Mats, Wed, Sat, and Apr. 2.30. **CHELSEA (PALACE) THEATRE**—Book now for **POLLY**. First Perf. Sat, Mar. 31. Popular prices. (Ken. 753.) **COMEDY**—To-day, at 2.30 and 8.30. **SECRETS**. Fay Compton, Leon Quartermaine. Tues and Sat, 2.30. **COURT**, Scone—(Ger. 948.) **CARTE BLANCHE**. 2.30. **CRITERION**—(Ger. 3844). To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. **COVENT GARDEN**. 8.10. Mats, Wed, Thurs, Sat, 2.30. (Ger. 640.) **CRITICISM** in "ADVERTISING". To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. **DUKE OF YORK'S**—2.30, 8.30. **MARIE TEMPEST** in **THE MARRIAGE OF KITTY**. Mats, Thurs, Sat, 2.30. **GAITEY**—8.15. **JOSE COLLINS** in **THE LAST WALLY**. Matinee, Thurs, Sat and Easter Monday, at 2.30. **GARRICK**—(Ger. 3951.) **THE ORIGINAL PRODUCTION**. E. Cochran's production. "Partners Again". **GLOBE**—2.30, 8.30. **THE LAUGHING LADY**. Marie Lorr. Leslie Fater. Violet Vanbrugh. Wed, Sat, 2.30. **HAYMARKET**—To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. "PLUS FOUR". Percy O'Neill. Arthur Smith. Thurs and Sat, 2.30. **HIPPODROME**—2 and 8. Last Day of "CINDERELLA". **KINGSWAY**—2.30, 8.15. Mats, Thurs and Sat, 2.30. "POLLY", the sequel to "The Beggar's Opera". **KINGSWAY**—"POLLY" the Original Production. E. Cochran's production. "Partners Again". **LITTLE**—(Recent 2401.) **THE 9 O'CLOCK VIOLET**. 2.30. Mats, Mon, Th, Sat, 2.45. Red Mat. Prices. **LYCEUM**—Nightly, 7.45. **THE ORPHANS**. Mats, Wed, Thurs, Sat, 2.30. Pop. prices. 7d. to 1s. (Ger. 767.) **LYRIC**—A Play with Music. "LILAC TIME". 8.15. Mats, Wed, Sat, and Easter Sat, at 2.15. **LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH**. **THE BEGGAR'S OPERA**. To-day, 2.30 and 8.15. Mats, Wed and Sat, at 2.30. Other Amusements on page 15.



Dr. Charles Harris, will conduct the enormous choir at the British Empire Exhibition.



Miss Hilda Glynn, who will marry Mr. E. Taylor Platt, secretary of the Society of West End Theatrical Managers.

A GREAT CONTEST.

Notes from Paris-Table Tennis Events—More "Best Lines."

EVERYBODY KNOWS OF Battling Siki, the pugilist who laid out Carpentier, but few outside sporting circles are familiar with the career of Mike McTigue, whom he meets in Dublin this evening. McTigue, though a pure-bred Irishman, has fought most of his fights in America. In 228 battles he has only been beaten twice. Real photographs of the contest, taken by the aid of the famous *Daily Mirror* lights, will appear in this paper on Monday.

Siki on "Carp."

The news that Carpentier and his manager are going to Dublin to witness the fight to-night has interested people whom the coming contest had hitherto left cold. When asked what he thought of Carpentier as a boxer, Siki replied: "Not much; but he's very quick."

The Hidden Hand!

Siki's manager visited McTigue's show at the Rotunda, and when asked what he thought of the Irishman's work, he shrugged his shoulders expressively. "From what I've seen—nothing. From what I have not seen, it will be a tough fight," was the reply.

Fixed Easter?

Lord Desborough has gone to Rome to try to get us a fixed date for Easter. The matter, which he has brought up on more than one occasion in the House of Lords, will be agitated by him at the Conference of the International Chamber of Commerce, which begins in the Eternal City to-morrow.

Change Wanted.

The question has been under discussion for several centuries. Strong support is forthcoming for the proposed change. Bodies which have declared in favour of it include the London Chamber of Commerce, the British Imperial Council of Commerce, the Senates of the Universities of London, Leeds and Manchester, the Federation of British Industries, and the Royal College and Royal Academy of Music.

Miss Gellibrand.

Miss Paula Gellibrand, whose wedding to the Marquis di Casa Maury takes place on Monday, has been out walking this week after her attack of influenza. The Marquis—who, by the way, is Spanish and not French—has a small, beautifully furnished flat in Paris, and he and his bride will stay there for the honeymoon. Miss Gellibrand is one of the few who can wear her hair short with distinction. She adopts a decidedly naive coiffure.

Londonderry House Ball.

Lady Londonderry's own personal friends rallied round her for the Women's Legion Ball according to promise, and the ordinary ticket holders were doubtless thrilled to find the Duke of Sutherland chatting with the Duchess of Portland, while close at hand such good-looking young members of the aristocracy as the Countess of Brecknock and Lady Alexandra Curzon were dancing away in the picture gallery.



Lady Alexandra Curzon.

Wheel of Fashion.

The fashionable beauty doctor, Oreste, was also mingling with the dancers, many of whom owe their complexions to his attentions! Long diamond earrings, I noticed, were well to the fore, and it is curious how the wheel of fashion goes round, for Lady Londonderry's huge, long, dangling ones, which are heirlooms, compare with those of to-day as worn by Lady Warrender and several others—and there is scarcely any difference in their style!

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

Late Lord Cholmondeley.

The Marquis of Cholmondeley, who died yesterday morning, was a man of simple sporting tastes, and of recent years had spent most of his time in the country. But he was a particularly unfortunate horseman. He met with bad accidents on four occasions, the last being the forerunner of his fatal illness.

Handsome Couple.

The new Marquis, formerly known as Lord Rocksavage, is a very handsome young man. He is a keen tennis player and has taken part in the Riviera tournament this year. His wife, a sister of Sir Philip Sassoon, is also a beauty of her type. She was the subject of the "picture of the year" at the Royal Academy last May.

No Casino for Paris.

An agitation is being carried on (I am informed by my correspondent) to secure the reopening of the casino at Enghien, only a few miles from Paris, which has been closed since the war. Despite fervid appeals, the Paris Municipal Council has decided to recommend that the law which forbids the opening of a casino within sixty miles of Paris shall be maintained, and consequently there will be no resumption of public gambling at Enghien.

Best Lines.

A number of interesting people have replied to my inquiry as to their choice of the best single line in English poetry. Mr. George A. B. Dewar, editor of the "Nineteenth Century," and an authority on all literary matters, will not commit himself to an opinion on the best line. But he says: "The poetry which would educate and help the British public to-day is, I believe, Wordsworth's."



Mr. John Masfield.

Never, Never Land!

Mr. John Masfield, the poet and dramatist, does not, I am afraid, take the matter seriously, but at least he shows no hesitation. He plumps for the following line from Shakespeare's "King Lear":—

Never, never, never, never, never.

In my opinion this is run close by Thackeray's equally well-known line:—

Oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no.

Merriment.

Another gentleman chose a line "just for merriment." It is from Burns' "Epistle to James Tennant of Glenconner," and is as follows:—

Assist poor Simson a' ye can.

I hope my correspondent now feels duly assisted.

Music and Mystery!

Other correspondents are more serious, and one points out that in this discussion very few modern poets have been drawn upon. He picks out the following line from Rupert Brooke:—

There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter.

Another line chosen is:—

A rose-red city half as old as time,

which I quoted a short time ago in another connection. It is from the Newdigate prize poem of 1845.

Now for the Treasure!

Yet another effort will be made, I understand, to collect the Tobermory Bay treasure. In a week or two the Mull Syndicate will resume operations on the sunken Spanish galleon, and (you may be sure) they have high hopes of success this time. A larger salvage vessel than was formerly used, with more powerful machinery, has been purchased by the syndicate.

Scottish Table Tennis.

The Scottish area finals of the *Daily Mirror* Table Tennis Championships in the lounge of Treron's store were, a Glasgow correspondent writes, most exciting. Mr. John Weir, who won the men's section rather easily, is spoken of as a determined player who will give a good account of himself when the All-British finals take place in London. Miss J. Beltrage, the Portobello lady who will now represent Scotland in the London finals, is a "stone-waller" of considerable skill.

The Russell Case.

Mrs. Russell took the verdict calmly, though a woman in court burst into tears. There was no demonstration as the respondent left the court with her mother and sister. Probably a few people recognised her, and it is a curious thing that during the last trial she travelled daily on the Underground Railway and walked from the Temple Station to the Courts without being recognised.

Music-Hall Offers.

As often happens in such cases, Mrs. Russell has received offers to go on the music-halls, but the large sums held out as a bait will not tempt her. At present her business, at which she works very seriously, absorbs the whole of her attention.

£20,000 Case.

The Russell case cost over £20,000. The first trial, which lasted eight days, accounted for £10,700, and the second, which lasted eleven, was not quite so expensive. For one thing, Sir Edward Marshall-Hall was probably not so expensive a counsel as Sir John Simon, who nowadays accepts no brief under six hundred guineas (with "refreshers") and very often has a thousand.

Lord Amphil's Father.

The Russell case reminds me of a book which ought to be written. Why have we no Life of Lord Amphil's father, who, as Lord Odo Russell, was Attaché at Constantinople under Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and British Ambassador at Berlin at the time of the Berlin Conference, and who procured Carlyle the Prussian Ordre Pour le Mérite? There should be ample material affording many interesting peeps behind the diplomatic curtain.

Qualified.

Lord Amphil himself has all the qualifications for writing such a biography: prolonged experience of great affairs and a distinguished career at Oxford, where he was president of the Union as well as of the O.U.B.C.



Lady Elizabeth Lind, second daughter of the Earl of Crawford.



A new portrait of the Countess of Orford, formerly Miss Oakes.

Luton and Table Tennis.

On Monday evening local table tennis champions from all parts of the Home Counties will assemble at the Plaist Hall, Luton, to compete for the right to play in the All-British finals of the *Daily Mirror* championships. The matches are being organised by Mr. J. J. Payne, of the Luton Sports Club, a former champion and one of the leading spirits of the revival. It will be a real big night, and there should be a record crowd of spectators.

British Saint.

One is accustomed to regard St. Patrick, whose feast falls to-day, as an Irishman. Professor Bury, however, in his "Life of St. Patrick," asserts that he was a Roman citizen of Britain. "His home," he writes, "was in a village named Bannaventa, but we cannot with any certainty identify its locality."

Now Revue.

Harold Simpson, part-author with Morris Harvey of the "Nine o'Clock Revue," tells me that he is well advanced with another intimate revue, which has been commissioned by a West End management. He is still hoping that his play, "Plus Fours," with Miss Peggy O'Neill, may find another home when it finishes its run at the Haymarket.

Taxicab Advertisements.

Some of the Paris taxicabs, like the motor-omnibuses, now carry advertisements. True, they are only small, a few square inches, in a frame covered with mica and fastened to the outside of the cab, but they attract great attention when the taxicab is standing at the kerb side.

THE RAMBLER.



"Stood the test of time" is a hackneyed phrase that may well imply no more than mere existence. But Pears' Transparent Soap can make a far greater claim for consideration. Invented at a time when ordinary toilet soap was a positive danger to sensitive skins, its excellence very naturally won instant recognition. But even in these scientific days the supremacy of Pears is no less marked. We will take no distant comparison. The sales of Pears' Transparent Soap have increased consistently since that prosperous year 1913. Nothing but supreme value would produce such a result.

Pears' TRANSPARENT SOAP



In 3 Sizes

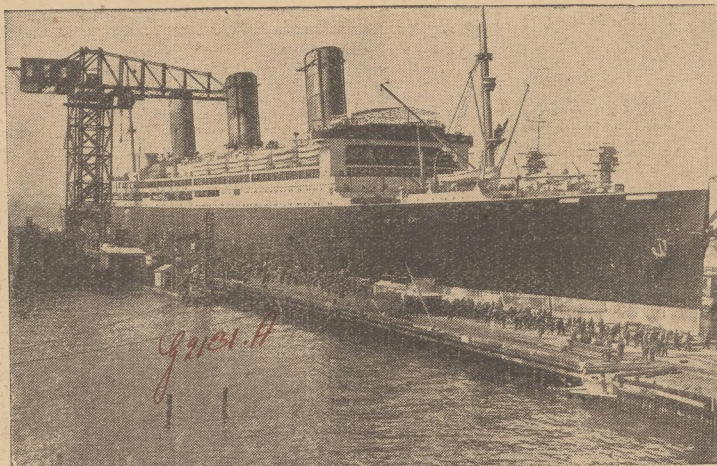
BIJOU 2d. MEDIUM 4d. LARGE 7d.

SPORT "TEXT BOOKS"



Professor Newton, of Dulwich College, going to train a class of future champions. His "text-books" make a bulky load, and do not leave much of him visible.

MAMMOTH LINER'S COSTLY REFIT



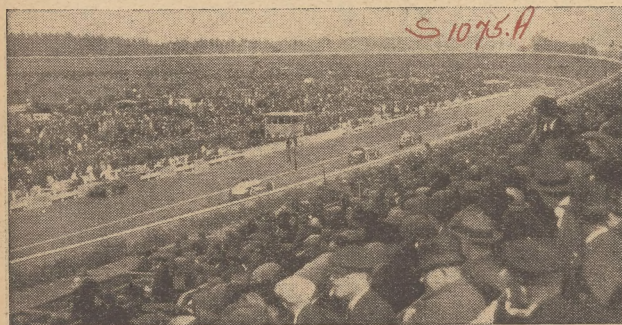
The mammoth U.S. liner Leviathan, formerly the German Vaterland, just about to be put into the Atlantic service after a two-million-pound refit. This enormous vessel is 907 feet long and is of 65,634 gross tonnage. The original building cost was only £1,400,000.



Marshall, the Scottish international full back, suspended indefinitely by Middlesbrough Club directors for absence.



INLAND FISHERY.—Bringing in the catch after netting the reservoir at Shustoke, Warwickshire, by members of the Bourneville Anglers' Society. The fish caught were transferred to the Hardebeck pond, Bromsgrove.



MOTOR SPEED RECORD.—On the Los Angeles track when Jimmy Murphy established a new world record in a 250-mile race. He attained an average speed of over 115 miles an hour throughout the run.



Mr. E. C. Richardson, the secretary.



Reading the notice at the offices.

THRIFT SOCIETY'S LIQUIDATION.—There is consternation in Southport following the announcement of the liquidation of the Mutual Thrift Society of that town. Some £150,000 is said to be involved, and local anxiety is intense.

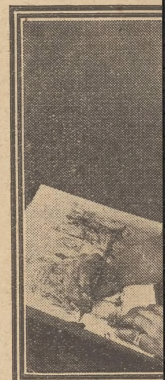


TWO-SHILLING STRAWBERRIES.—Chefs at the Ritz Hotel admire some of the precious strawberries received by aeroplane from the South of France. The berries are being sold at two shillings each.

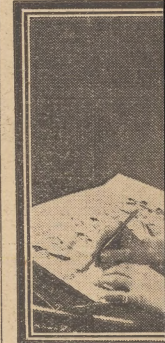
DEATH



Queen Milena of Montenegro, and mother of the late King Nicholas, died at the age of 51.



Bud Fisher finishing his work.



Hard at work on the cartoon.

MUTT AND JEFF.—Mutt and Jeff cartoon in *The Daily Mirror* has obtained exclusive rights.

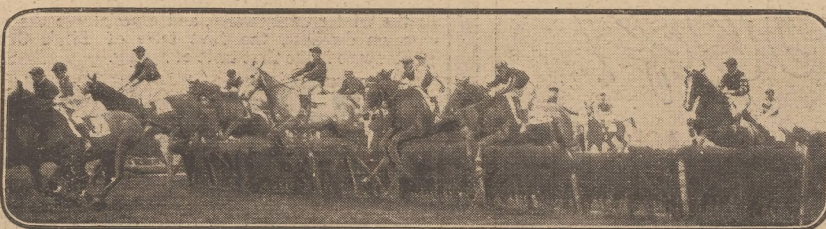
MARQUIS

DOUBLE FALL AT SANDOWN PARK

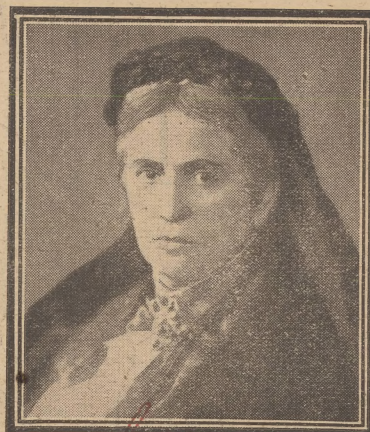
A QUEEN DEAD



Sequel (nearer camera) and Easy Money falling in second race at Sandown yesterday.



The big field that competed in the Coombe Steeplechase Handicap.



Queen Milena of Montenegro, widow of the late King Nicholas, and mother of the Queen of Italy, whose death at the age of seventy-six has occurred at Antibes, near Cannes.

Beautiful women, who now Cholmondeley.



Lord Rocksavage, who succeeds to the title, with his wife. He is a famous polo player, and has also appeared in lawn tennis tournaments.

Lord Rocksavage, who had a fall recently while hunting with the Cheshire yesterday at Cholmondeley Park, Cheshire, aged sixty-four. His son, the Earl of Rocksavage, succeeds.



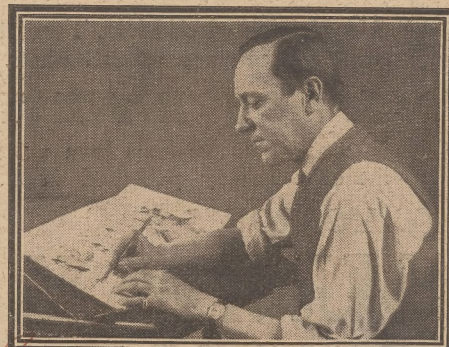
The Prince of Wales (right) and Prince Henry (left) setting off for a walk round the jumps at Sandown yesterday. The big surprise there was Clashing Arms' defeat in the Gold Cup.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



ALLEGED SLANDER.—Lady Glover leaving the Law Courts yesterday after giving evidence in the action for alleged slander and false imprisonment by Mr. G. R. Bishop (inset), solicitor, against Messrs. Angel, Hart and Co.



Mr. Bud Fisher and his humorous smile.



Mr. Bud Fisher, creator of Mutt and Jeff, at work.

MUTT AND JEFF ON MONDAY.—Mutt and Jeff, the famous mirth-provoking couple, will make their first appearance in *The Daily Mirror* in Monday's super-number, and will be seen in a series of new adventures. Exclusive English rights to these cartoons by Mr. Bud Fisher have been secured by this paper.



AND HELP THE BRITISH LEGION BY
SENDING A SHILLING POSTAL ORDER
AND ENTERING FOR THE GREAT

SUNDAY PICTORIAL FILM CONTEST

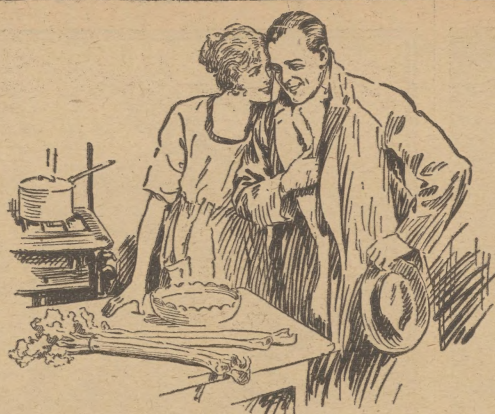
First Prize - - £3,000
Second Prize - - £1,500
Third Prize - - £500
10 Prizes of £100, Twenty of £25
and 100 Prizes of £5 each.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

is to select twelve films from a
list of twenty published in

TO-MORROW'S

SUNDAY PICTORIAL



"The first of the year, dearie."

Every season brings its favorite fruit dish, and with each, Bird's Custard goes like summer cream; but for none is there so glad a welcome as for Bird's Custard with stewed Rhubarb—the first fruit of the year.

Bird's Custard and Rhubarb heralds the Spring. To the Winter-weary world, and especially to the millions of town dwellers, the first taste of Bird's Custard and Rhubarb is the first taste of Spring.

BIRD'S CUSTARD

and Rhubarb gives new enjoyment and renewed health. It weds food and refreshment together, and no dish is so welcome to the system.

N.B. Rhubarb should never be taken alone, always with Bird's Custard, to soften and make agreeable the health and tonic qualities of the Rhubarb. And remember—BIRD'S provides the nutriment.

C.93a

CM21

Cadbury's

ALSO WITH NUTS

Milk Chocolate

"MAXIMUM FOOD VALUE" **1/3** HALF POUND BLOCK "YOU CAN TASTE THE CREAM"

See the name **CADBURY** on every piece of Chocolate

BOURNVILLE

Chocolate **1/3** HALF LB. BLOCK

FINEST PLAIN CHOCOLATE OBTAINABLE

DRESS.
A BABY'S beautiful Layette, 50 pieces, 30s.; perfectly arranged; unusually choice; a home-made bargain of loveliness; approval—Mrs. W. Max, The Chase, Nottingham.
A BABY'S charming complete Layette, 32s. 6d.; everything necessary; dainty Swiss robes, afternoon gowns, nighties, wrapper suits, flannels, shawls, petticoats, Terry napkins, etc.; a genuine bargain; send 2s. 6d. for parcel on approval—Mrs. E. Barker, 31A, Brougham-road, Southsea.
A BABY'S long clothes, 42 articles, 42s. 6d.; home-made, worth £5; robes, flannels, etc.; 5s. weekly; approval free first 5s.—Mrs. Scott, 251, Uchisgurd, W. 12.
A BABY'S superior Layette, complete, 19s. 6d.; wool night gowns, barba, binders, vests, Turkish napkins, etc.; send 2s. for parcel on approval—Nurse, 94, Kingston-road, Putnam.
BEAUTIFUL Leather, 20 circa, 9d. ft.; send 2d. stamp for rules—Carl, Leather Works, Northampton.
ROBES, Gowns—Luxe designs, exquisitely hand-painted.
R—Mortimer, Artist on Silk, 275, Underhill-st., E. Dulwich.

MISCELLANEOUS.
ARE you fat? Nature's only remedy, Thinmen Tablets, in plain wrapper P.O. 15, 5d.—Thinson Co., 12, Lambert House, Ludgate Hill, E.C. 4.
PILZEMA, Persians, all Skin Diseases, quickly and permanently cured, when all other treatments have failed. Write for free particulars, proofs and testimonials to J. G. Wilkinson, M.P.S., Chemist, 19, Talbot-st., Batley.
FREE—A Beautiful Silver-plated Apostle Tea Spoon to every lady sending for a 1s. box of Starbrand's Plate Powder, Ridgeway Works, Plymouth.
IMPORTANT to Ladies—Fouques, tails, transformations, wigs and all kinds of hair-work at less than half usual prices; illustrated catalogue post free—Dept. C, Midland Hair Mfg. Co., 242a, Bedford, Nottingham.
LADIES' Hair Wave Preparation; wonderful results; used in Society; in plain wrapper, P.O. 14, 4d.—Sargent (A), 3, Bridewell-st., Bristol.
SPRING Cleaning—Your home thoroughly cleaned without disturbance or mess; please state lighting voltage.—Turbo-Vacuum Cleaning Service, 32, Queen Victoria-st., E.C. 4. Phone City 1611.

PIP AND SQUEAK

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1923

THE ADVENTURES OF PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED No. 75.—PETS—ALSO PETER—"HELP" ANGELINE WITH THE SPRING-CLEANING.



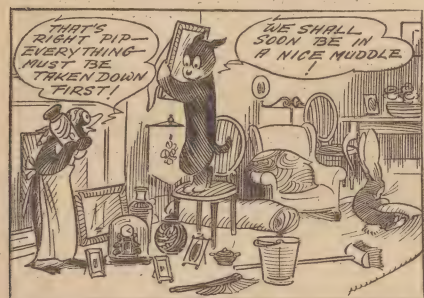
1. Squeak was very interested to find Angeline hard at work spring-cleaning yesterday morning.



2. "Shall we do some spring-cleaning, too?" she afterwards said to Pip. "I don't mind," said Pip.



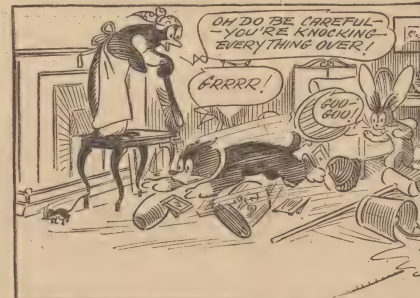
3. So they collected some pails, brushes, etc., and solemnly marched into the drawing-room.



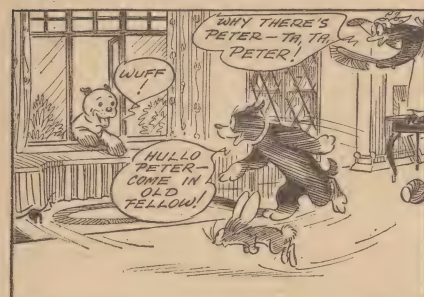
4. "Everything has to be taken down," said Squeak, as pictures and vases were put on the carpet.



5. Suddenly, as Wilfred was trying to pull up the carpet, a mouse jumped out. And then the fun began.



6. "Grrrr! How dare you come in here!" cried Pip, knocking over all the ornaments.



7. Just as he reached the window—and lost the mouse—Peter, the mischievous puppy, looked in!



8. Peter jumped in and soon made himself at home, leaving a trail of muddy foot-prints everywhere.



9. You can imagine how cross Angeline was when she came in and discovered the mess!

"I-WONDER-WHY" HERBERT: No. 5.

Our inquiring young friend, clever though he is, will never be a great success at "wireless"!



1. "Why do they call it wireless when it's got wires?" wondered Herbert.



2. So he climbed up on a ladder to solve the puzzling mystery.



3. Unfortunately, the ladder overbalanced, and down came Herbert—



4.—bringing down father's precious "wireless" set in his fall!

LESLIE AND DOUGLAS DO A GOOD

I SHOULD HAVE A NICKY FOR YOU, LESLIE! BUT WE CAN'T HAVE A NICKY FOR YOU, LESLIE!

I'VE AN IDEA! COME WITH ME, DOUGLAS!

WHAT ARE THE TURNIPS FOR, DOUGLAS?

YOU WILL BE THE TURNIP FOR ME, DOUGLAS!

HOW FETCH MY TURNIPS ARE, LESLIE!

YOU BRING THEM WITH YOU, LESLIE!

THAT NAUGHTY BOY HAS BROKEN A WINDOW!

OOO! I'M OFF!

HERE IS THE CATAPULT, AND—

HOW DARE YOU BREAK A WINDOW!

\$\$\$! SEND HIM OFF, FIDO! OH DEAR—IT WASN'T ME, LADY!

BRRRR-K! YAP-YAP-YAP!

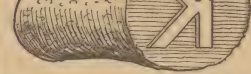
YOUR "SEAL."

How to Make a Splendid Cork Stamp.

WOULD you like to have your own seal, so that you can sign all sorts of things with your signature? You can buy a proper rubber one if you like, but it is much more fun to make one yourself.

All you need is a fairly large cork and a sharp penknife.

Out a slice off the end of the cork, so that it presents a perfectly smooth surface. Then write your initial in pencil on the surface; but remember to write it in reverse. For instance,



How your cork seal will look when finished.

supposing it to be K, it would have to be round the wrong way, as you see in the picture here.

When you have drawn in the initial with pencil, you cut away the cork round the lettering. This will leave a raised letter, and your seal is made.

If you jab it smartly on an ink-pad, and then press it on a piece of note-paper, it will print a smart-looking initial for you. If you like you can make your own ink-pad too. Cover a thick slab of blotting-paper with thin cloth, soak it in ink and wedge it into the lid of a tin box. It will make a splendid pad.

What is it that may be years old and yet is made every day?—A bed.

Why does a donkey eat thistles?—You ought to know! (Don't ask daddy this riddle!)



Daily Mirror Office, Saturday, March 17, 1923.

EAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

The great spring-cleaning campaign has started. Our once-happy little home is now a terrible wilderness; everything is in confusion, and nothing can be heard except the swish of dusters and the "plomph" of mops! I suppose spring-cleaning is necessary—Angeline and Squeak seem to think so—but I wish it could happen when I am away.

The home is surely not the right place for a mere man during this strenuous time. As soon as I have settled down in a chair to do some work, Angeline pops her head through the doorway.

"Excuse me, sir," she says, "but do you mind if we have this room for a while?" I surrender the room, and sit in my study.

SLIPPERS IN THE COAL SCUTTLE!

Presently Squeak comes in, armed with duster and dustpan. "Hello, uncle!" she croons, with a beam. "We're spring-cleaning, but I won't disturb you. Do you mind standing on the table while I dust the carpet?"

But the worst part of spring-cleaning is that I can never find any of my things. "Where on earth are my slippers?" I shout, after a vain search.

"Oh, you'll find them in the coal-scuttle, uncle," Squeak tells me. "And we put your cigars in the bread-pan for the time being!"

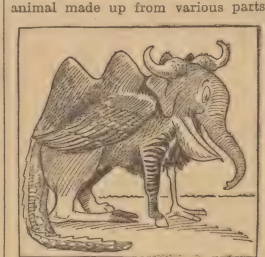
It is useless to make any complaints. Angeline is always very respectful, but when she means to spring-clean nothing will stop her. It is the only time I am not the master in my own house!

Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.

A "PRIZE" ANIMAL.

Win £2 10s. In This Jolly Competition.

I DO hope this weird-looking creature won't alarm any of my younger nephews or nieces! Whatever does it look like? As a matter of fact, it is merely an imaginary animal made up from various parts



of different animals. For instance, you will soon see that it has a trunk, and so it is partly elephant.

Now see if you can find out the other animals included in it, and write out a neat list of them all.

For the correct and neatest lists, written on a card, I am awarding:—

First Prize	£2 10 0
Second Prize	2 0 0
Third Prize	1 10 0
Forty Prizes of	0 5 0
Forty Prizes of	0 2 6

Send your entry, with your name, age and address, to UNCLE DICK (Prize) "Pip and Squeak," care of The Daily Mirror, 25, Boulevard Street, London, E.C.4, to reach this office before March 24. Only children under sixteen may compete.

SWEETS' RODS, BEANSTALKS, AND

I AM CRINGING TO ENJOY MY SWEETS' RODS!

WANT TO FISH? NATURAL MY RODS!

THIS IS SPLASHING IDEAL! IT IS (INDEED)!

I HAVE SOME SWEETS' RODS FOR LUNCH! I HAVE SOME PINE COAT!

DO HAVE A TREAT!

I HAVE GOT A LOVELY FORT!

I CAN SEE A NEST!

WE WILL USE THESE SWEETS' RODS!

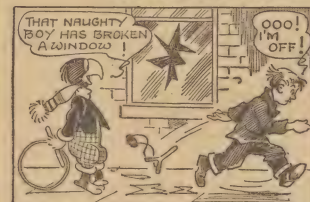
HOW WE WILL LET THE NEST WATER ROOF!

THANK YOU, CLARENCE!

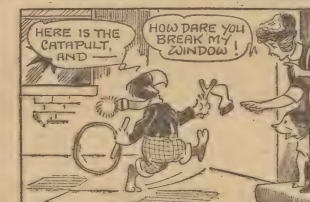
NESTS ARE OFTEN VERY USEFUL!

ADVENTURES OF HELPFUL HORACE:

Our helpful little Parrot gets into hot water again!



1. Horace was very shocked when he saw the naughty boy break a window.



2. He instantly picked up the catapult and showed it to the maid—



3. —who, thinking poor Horace had done it, set the dog on him.

START THIS FINE SERIAL TO-DAY



By RICHARD BARNES.

FOR NEW READERS.

Derek Worlock obtains the post of an office-boy. He is sent by his employer on a treasure-seeking expedition. While the boy is on the ship a man falls overboard and Derek dives in to the rescue.

A THRILLING STRUGGLE.

WITH a big splash Derek entered the water. Down, down he went, a strange buzzing in his ears, until at last he began to rise again. When he reached the surface he dashed the water from his eyes and glanced round anxiously. At first he could see nothing but the foaming waves, but after a time he noticed a black shape which he took to be the man Raynor.

After a struggle he managed to get his boots off—it was a trick he had learnt when away at the seaside for a holiday—and then he swam rapidly towards the figure in the water.

"Ahoy!" he shouted, and was much relieved when he heard an answering hail. When he reached Raynor's side he noticed that the man was easily keeping himself afloat, but was not making any effort to swim towards the vessel from which he had fallen.

"Hallo, sonny!" he greeted Derek. "I rather expected to see you."

Derek could not make out what he meant, and he began to feel rather annoyed. He had dived overboard to rescue the man and did not feel at all disposed to treat the whole matter as a joke.

"What do you mean?" he shouted angrily. "Why aren't you trying to swim?"

"Why should I? I'm quite happy here, until they lower a boat to rescue us. As a matter of fact, I'm here from choice."

"What!" Derek could not keep the astonishment from his voice. "Do you mean that you fell overboard on purpose?"

Raynor laughed. "Of course I did. You see, I knew you were fairly certain to dive in after me, and I thought we could have a friendly little talk together."

The look in his eye alarmed Derek, and the boy glanced round, hoping the rescue-party would be in sight.

"They won't be here yet," chuckled Raynor, guessing his companion's thoughts. "And now, to save all trouble, don't you think you'd better hand over those papers of yours?"

"No, I don't!" snapped Derek.

The smile passed from Raynor's face, and when he next spoke it was in an angry tone.

"Well, we'll see," he said briefly, swimming towards Derek. He clutched the boy's shoulder,



"Please, sir," said Derek, "I've been robbed of some most valuable papers."

but Derek brushed his hand away angrily. "Leave me alone," he said.

"Certainly, if you'll give me the papers."

Instinctively Derek's hand went to his pocket where he kept the papers. The next moment he blamed himself for his folly, for Raynor had noticed the action.

He clutched at Derek and pulled him underneath the waves. Furiously the boy tackled his assailant. He pulled and struggled and writhed, but all in vain. At length when he

felt that his lungs were almost bursting he and Raynor shot to the surface.

"Now will you give me the papers?" demanded the man.

The boy shook his head again.

Once again Raynor forced him beneath the swirling waves, but this time the man managed to keep his own head above the surface.

Derek felt a strange humming in his head, and the wash of the water about his ears, and then he remembered no more.

"Well, my lad, are you feeling better now?" Derek looked round in surprise to find that he was lying in one of the cabins, while a kindly-looking steward was holding a cup of tea towards him.

"What's happened?" asked the boy in perplexity.

"I only don't ask me," replied the steward. "I know that you and the gentleman were rescued in the nick of time. But that was about three hours ago."

In a flash everything came back to Derek. "Where is the man Raynor?" he demanded.

"Miles away by this time, sonny. He and his friend, a Mr. Brown, have gone off in their motor-launch. They're going to land on some island, Ralwayo, or some name like that."

"What! They're gone!"

"Yes, of course they have. But what—?"

Derek had leapt from the bunk and was fumbling in his old clothes that lay in a heap on the floor. A moment's examination showed him that his papers were missing.

By the bunk were some clean clothes that had evidently been got together for when the boy should recover. Without another word to the steward, Derek began putting these on.

Then he dashed out of the cabin, leaving the man too astonished to follow him. One of the first doors Derek passed was labelled "Captain Marlowe's Private."

Without even knocking at the door, he burst into the room. The captain looked up sharply, a frown on his face.

"Well, who are you, and what do you mean by breaking in on me like this?" he thundered.

"Please, sir," began Derek, "I've been robbed of some most valuable papers."

(Another exciting instalment next Saturday.)

BUSINESS IN SELLING TURNIP "TOPS."

THE MYSTERY HUSBAND

By A. J. RUSSELL



Suddenly Richard Milligan faced Ronald Sturdee. "It's all right, Mr. Sturdee," he said. "I never intrude where I'm not wanted." Eve broke in: "No, no, Mr. Milligan, you mustn't go like that! My husband doesn't mean to insult you."

NEW READERS BEGIN HERE.

EVE STURDEE, a sweet and impulsive woman who finds her fullest expression in love, has married Ronald Sturdee, her village sweetheart, who has become one of the famous impruders in London. He it was who discovered the great singer Navena.

Ronald is a complex character who seems cold and unemotional to his wife, although he is all to her that a husband should be. Despite themselves a feeling of restraint develops between them which even the two children that are born to them fail to bridge.

Eve strives to be tremendously helpful to her husband and assists him through a financial crisis. Yet he apparently takes all for granted and she can only decide his nature is unawakened. Awakening comes to him without her knowledge, by a tempestuous flirtation with a fascinating little minx, Tixie Davies. Tantalising Tixie leads him on to declare his passion for her, but she will not avow that the feeling is reciprocated. Then comes the revelation. She has merely been using him to provide her with copy for a character in a new novel. He unbends for her heartlessness and finishes with her for good and all.

Slowly Ronald is beginning to appreciate the true quality of his wife. He arranges to take an opera company on a world tour and entrusts to Eve the carrying on of his business during his absence. Eve encounters financial difficulties, and is forced to apply to a moneylender for a loan. The man who eventually lends her the money—Frank Rawlinson by name—is a quixotic character, who helps her because he is sorry for her. Eve falls in love with him.

He is wholly honourable, and goes abroad as soon as his husband returns. The liner on which he embarks founders, and Eve is heartbroken at losing the only man who showed her the true meaning of love. She tells Ronald she can never be happy with him again.

EVE'S NEW FRIEND.

GRADUALLY the strain of trying to comfort a wife who would not be comforted began to tell on Ronald and on his new-found love. How could he continue to love someone who hated him? His manhood rose up in vigorous revolt. For no other woman on earth would he voluntarily humiliate himself by seeking her affections when that woman showed them to be unwelcome. Yet he must do so for Eve; it was his duty; his penance.

He really knew how best to act. "If he would say to himself as he walked about his room, his hand to his throbbing head, 'If she'd only tell me to go away, I'd gladly go. But to go unasked would be treating her with the old thoughtlessness.'"

Yes, he must stay on, hoping to help her, submitting as best he could to her wilful misreading of his every action.

Another surprise awaited him on his return one evening.

As he entered the hall he heard the sound of voices. That of Eve he easily recognised, although pitched differently. The helpless note had vanished; it was her old voice again. The other he had not heard before. Like his wife's, its cadences were rich, pleasing and constantly changing. The first characteristic thought in his business mind was:

"That man should make a glorious tenor."

But what was a tenor doing in his private flat? The place for interviewing tenors was the office.

The new Ronald felt a foreboding of further domestic trouble as he entered his shaded drawing-room.

Eve rose quickly as Ronald entered.

"Oh, here is my husband. How dark it's grown." Eve switched on the lights.

(Translation dramatic and all other rights reserved.)
All the characters in this story are fictitious.

"My husband—Mr. Richard Milligan."

A tallish man with a spare wire figure sprang up from the chair, covered a saddled chair which Ronald was accustomed to occupy.

As they shook hands Ronald observed several peculiarities about Eve's visitor. His hair, fine and wavy, parted in the centre, was grey. Yet he was not elderly; Ronald thought him a man no more than thirty who had become prematurely aged.

There was suffering in his thin classic features; and the glowing deep-set eyes seemed to express more pain and mental agony than those of most men. Ronald also noticed that the small, almost feminine, hand of the stranger had a grip of steel.

"He's blue blood," said Ronald to himself as the three sat down. "Yet he seems to have roughed it." Ronald was covertly studying the tips of the stranger's long thin fingers; they were bruised and scored; several of the nails were irregular and broken.

Mr. Milligan, Eve hastened to explain, "is seeking work. I told him I thought you might be able to help him."

"You are a tenor, I take it," said Ronald, still narrowly scrutinising Eve's visitor without appearing to do so.

A wry smile further saddened the ascetic face of Richard Milligan. "I might have been if I'd trained. Unfortunately I didn't take up music. Now, I'm afraid, it's too late."

The clear mellow notes which Ronald had appraised on entering, delighted him. It was good to hear the stranger speak.

"What is your profession, Mr. Milligan?" Ronald observed the visitor glance meaningfully at Eve, who rather reluctantly announced:—

"A doctor! Oh, that's a little out of my line!" Ronald paused, waiting for further light, but as none was proffered he went on.

"But why out of work, Mr. Milligan? I've heard of an unemployed parson, but a doctor—never. There's always someone ill, isn't there? When there are no measles there are mumps; and there's always that lousy young war fever, influenza, to say nothing of cancer, tuberculosis and all the other diseases which plague humanity."

Ronald spoke jocularly, but both Eve and Richard Milligan continued to look grave. Lurking in the consciousness of both there seemed to be something which neither wished to express but which both wanted him to know.

"You see, Ron," Eve said at last speaking with an obvious effort, "Mr. Milligan hasn't a practice—now."

Light dawned. Those marks of suffering meant that the stranger had endured a long illness, during which his practice had fallen away.

"You have been ill, Mr. Milligan?"

"He's lost his practice," Eve added, "through—through—well, he had to give it up."

Ronald looked from one to the other, puzzled. "Yes, that's just it. I'd better tell you straight away," said Richard Milligan. "I was deprived of my diploma."

"Ten years ago," the newcomer went on, "I was deprived of my diploma for committing the fatal mistake of accepting the help of an old school chum who had taken up dentistry but had neglected to qualify as a dental surgeon. As a doctor I ought to have asked him if he was qualified. As a friend he ought to have told me. We were both to blame, but I only had to suffer. And so I was struck off the roll."

"A beastly shame!" Ronald impulsively exclaimed. "But how do you expect me to help you? And what have you been doing since—since—during the past ten years?"

In that rich intriguing voice which so delighted Ronald's ear Richard Milligan recounted his adventures after he had been turned out of his profession.

He had soon lost touch with most of his old patients, though one or two loyalists for a time insisted on calling for his advice and treatment despite his being no longer entitled to give it. Precluded from charging fees, from sending in bills, there was no obstacle to his receipt of a present of money.

Some of these clandestine patients had been very generous; others, following a well-known social custom, forgot to reciprocate. The Harley-street address had to be given up, and most of his friends of yesterday cut him dead.

"At times," proceeded Richard Milligan, "I felt tempted to turn my hand against my fellow-men, to become the enemy of all—for I had been most unjustly outlawed. But I fought it, though I sank so low that for a time I was glad to act as a night watchman."

"I did all sorts of rough manual jobs to earn a living. Look at these fingers. They were damaged in a brickworks. I roved all over the country, and at last tramped back to London,

to be picked up, half-dead, in Cavendish-square. The constable who found me took me to hospital, where, I believe, I was light-headed for some time."

"One of the hospital visitors was a friend of my neighbour's—Miss Edna Colley—and she sat on my bed, talked to me, and asked me to call at her house when I came out. I called and met a relative of hers, suffering from nervous disorders. I was asked if I could do anything, and had the good fortune to restore her to normal health. Since then several others have sought my services, and I have done my best for them, hampered always by the sentence of the General Medical Council."

"It's a sad enough story, Mr. Milligan," said Ronald as the ex-doctor concluded his tale. "You broke the rules and you've been made to pay for it. But how can I help you?"

Again reluctance was apparent on the part of both Richard Milligan and Eve to answer the direct question of the master of the house. It was again Eve who came forward with an answer.

"I should like Mr. Milligan to be my medical adviser. I am sure, Ron, that you won't object. You have said you're sorry for him."

THE MAN WITH THE JAW.

AS Eve spoke, the ex-doctor, as though not to intrude in a matter so delicate, turned his ascetic face towards the mantelpiece.

It was then that Ronald noticed for the first time the extraordinary curve of his jaw. Prominent at its start beneath the smooth, tightly drawn skin at the base of the ear, it grew bolder as it swept downwards in a long curve to support a very firm, protuberant chin.

For the moment the sight of a jaw so unusually pronounced diverted Ronald's mind from the more important question which Eve had just propounded.

What did that unusual jaw signify? Determination!—yes; recklessness!—yes; and something else. What was that something else? Once before he had observed the outline of a jaw very similar to Richard Milligan's, and the recollection was not pleasant.

At the moment he was uncertain what to say. It was most unfair of Eve to ask him a question of this ticklish nature in the presence of the man himself.

He temporised.—"But, Eve, you have already a medical adviser who seems to be doing you good."

"I've told you I don't like Dr. Vernon."

Ronald spoke into the fire.

"Much as I should like to help Mr. Milligan, who's been so hardly punished for a venial offence, I really don't see how I can commit you, in your present state, to the care of one who,

though he may have the qualifications, is not legally entitled to apply them."

"I don't care a fig for your legal objections," said Eve tartly. "You seem always afraid of breaking some foolish law or other. What harm is there in my being treated by Mr. Milligan? He's cured many nervous people. Miss Edna Colley told me so. Why shouldn't he cure me? Anyway, I won't have the other old fogey calling again."

Still Richard Milligan kept his face averted and Ronald's eyes again rested apprehensively on that queer jaw, the only unpleasant feature of an otherwise strikingly handsome face.

Here was a new problem. Though he was deeply sorry for this unfortunate man, who was maintaining so correct an attitude of distastefulness in a dispute between man and wife, Ronald felt strongly that his domestic situation was too difficult at the moment for him to complicate it further by admitting a fallen specialist into his house.

Suddenly Richard Milligan faced Ronald Sturdee.

"It's all right, Mr. Sturdee," he said resignedly. "I understand perfectly. Why should you allow me to treat your wife? I've broken the medical rules, but thank God, I've never broken the other rules of society. I never intrude where I'm not wanted."

He rose abruptly.

"Believe me, Mr. Sturdee, I am grateful for your sympathy. Please also believe me when I say I understand your attitude in regard to my professional services."

The long, prominent jaw seemed to Ronald to have lengthened. He also thought he observed an angry flicker of the long dark-lashed eyelids. Eve broke in: "No, no, Mr. Milligan. You mustn't go like that. My husband doesn't mean to insult you."

"Indeed, no," corroborated the astonished Ronald, inwardly fuming at the ex-doctor's aggressive independence. But what had he said that might be considered an insult?

"Ronald," said Eve, suddenly darting a supple glance at her husband, "won't you let Mr. Milligan treat me for a week or two, and see if he makes me any better? I am sure he will."

The real doctor had said that Eve must be humoured. Would there be any harm in humouring her to the extent of a fortnight's treatment by this unrocked nerve specialist? Surely not.

And yet, as Ronald Sturdee bowed once more to Eve's new-found will, he again felt that the advent of Richard Milligan foreboded ill for his household.

Another long enthralling instalment will appear on Monday.



A dainty little biscuit with a shortbread flavour

Light, crisp, and perfectly baked, Ripple Biscuits ensure an afternoon tea which is remembered for its daintiness.

JACOB & CO'S

RIPPLE BISCUITS

(Reduced Prices)

W. & R. JACOB & Co., Ltd.

Original makers of the world-famous "Cream Crackers"

THE PRINCE FEDERATED BY LONDON CHILDREN.

Gift of 50,000 Guineas to Hospitals Fund.

COUNTY HALL CEREMONY.

In commemoration of the first visit of the Prince of Wales to the new London County Hall, and by his request hundreds of children in the L.C.C. schools were yesterday granted a special half holiday.

The delighted youngsters trooped to Westminster from all parts of the Metropolis and there accorded the Prince a hearty and full-voiced greeting to the Prince.

For some time the children have been contributing to the London Schools Hospital Fund, and it was to mark the Prince's acceptance of a cheque for over 50,000 guineas that they went to see and to cheer him.

It was in his capacity as president of King Edward's Hospital Fund that the Prince received the splendid contribution from the children which had been collected in farthings and pennies as well as greater sums.

On arrival at the main entrance of the County Hall, the Prince was received by Mr. H. C. Gooch, the new chairman of the L.C.C., Mr. John W. Samuel, chairman of the London Schools Hospital Fund, and Mr. A. E. Shaw, the honorary secretary.

THE PRESENTATION.

The council chamber, where the presentation was made, was packed with an audience of representatives of the Combined Hospitals Appeal, schoolmasters, schoolmistresses and teachers.

The lobbies and corridors were lined by some 1,600 children.

After the chairman had accorded a welcome to the Prince, Mr. Samuel outlined the work of the committee and then handed the cheque for 50,000 guineas to the Prince.

"As president of the King Edward Hospital Fund," said the Prince, "I am very grateful, and I congratulate all concerned."

"The wonderful efforts made by the London Schools Hospital Fund form a great bond between the schools and the hospital, and represent a realisation of the utility of the hospitals as co-partners with the schools."

COAL AS JEWELLERY?

Sequel to Meeting in a West End Cafe.

£1,000 THEFT CHARGE.

That coal had been substituted for £1,000 worth of jewellery supposed to be in an attaché case, was the allegation made at the South-Western Police Court yesterday against a Battersea jeweller.

He was Jack Sonn, of Queen's-road, who was remanded on a charge of being concerned with other men in stealing by means of a trick £1,000 from Moses Friedman, manufacturer's agent, Hamilton-road, Dollis Hill.

Friedman and Sonn had known each other for some time, said the prosecution, and on the representation of Sonn Friedman agreed to buy jewellery for £1,000.

Sonn and Friedman and another man met in a teashop in Tottenham Court-road. The third said he could obtain a considerable quantity of jewellery at a cheap price, and it was suggested that Sonn should pay £500 and Friedman £1,000 for the jewellery.

Later Friedman went to Sonn's shop in Battersea and was shown a considerable quantity of jewellery by the latter man. The jewellery was replaced in an attaché case and put in a cupboard.

Eventually Friedman offered to pay £1,000 for the jewellery. An attaché case was taken from the cupboard, which was supposed to be the one Friedman had seen jewellery placed in.

Friedman having handed £1,000 in notes to the third man, said counsel, Sonn produced notes said to be worth £500, and handed them over.

Friedman and Sonn then left for the latter's shop. Friedman tried to open the attaché case, but found it was locked.

He forced the lock and, said counsel, found that the case contained only pieces of brown paper and small lumps of coal.

EARTHQUAKE WRECKS FACTORY.

Enormous damage has been caused by a severe earthquake, says a Vienna telegram.

A number of buildings collapsed at Sarajevo, a tobacco factory at Mostar was destroyed, and also a number of buildings at Ragusa, Cattaro and in Dalmatia.—Exchange.

£100 BEAUTY PRIZE.

Make Your Selection During the Week-End.

NO LIMIT TO COUPONS.

In the family circle of thousands of homes throughout the United Kingdom, the twenty-four selected photographs that have been published in the week-end connection with *The Daily Mirror* £250 Beauty Competition will be the subject of fireside discussions during the week-end.

The decision must be made with care, for a weekly prize of £100 awaits the sender of the coupon that corresponds, or most nearly corresponds, with the general vote.

There is no limit to the number of coupons readers may send in. The coupon which appears on this page to-day should be used in addition to those that have previously been published.

All this week's voting coupons must reach *The Daily Mirror* not later than first post on Tuesday next. There is therefore no time to lose.

What you have to do to compete for the £100 prize is to choose two from the twelve photographs published on Monday, two from Wednesday's selection of six, and two from yesterday's six photographs. Then indicate your choice by entering in order of merit in the appropriate spaces on the coupon the six you have chosen. Give only the initial letter that appears under the selected photograph.

After the first post on Tuesday all the coupons sent in will be examined, and the votes recorded in order to discover which six beauties have received the highest number of votes. Coupons will then be re-examined to discover which coupon most nearly corresponds to the general vote.

Photographs should be sent in at once, as a further twenty-four photographs will be published next week. On the back of each photograph must be written in ink the name, age and address of the entrant. It should then be posted to: "The Editor, *The Daily Mirror* Beauty Competition, 23-29, Boulevard-street, E.C.4." If a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed, the photograph will be returned at the close of the competition.

£2,500 BEAUTY COMPETITION VOTING COUPON.

(Valid only for use in connection with photographs published during the week ending Saturday, March 17.)

To the Manager, Beauty Competition Dept., *The Daily Mirror*, 47, Lombard-street, E.C.4.

My selection of the six most beautiful entrants in order of merit is as follows:—

Section I.		Section II.		Section III.	
1st	2nd	1st	2nd	1st	2nd
<p>Indicate the photograph you select by letter only, printed in block letters. Six photographs must be selected.</p> <p>I enter this competition upon and subject to the conditions published in <i>The Daily Mirror</i> and agree to abide by such conditions and to accept the decision of the Editor upon all matters and questions which may arise in connection with this competition as final and conclusive and absolutely and legally binding upon me.</p>					
NAME _____					
ADDRESS _____					

This coupon will not be accepted if received later than the first post on Tuesday, March 20, 1923.

IMPORTANT.

This coupon may now be completed. From the first twelve photographs published on Monday select the two you think most beautiful and complete Section I. of the coupon. From the six published on Wednesday select two, and complete Section II. of the coupon. From the final six photographs of the week (published yesterday) select a further two and complete Section III. of the coupon. Then send it in as directed.

WEEK-END RADIO PROGRAMMES.

MANCHESTER (385 metres).—5.55, announcements; 6, Kiddies' Corner; 6.30, Radio Orchestra; 7, selection by Oxford Picture House Orchestra; 7.30, news and weather forecast, Mr. "X's" Corner, conducted by R. L. Chidlow (architect); "The Choice of a Home"; 8, *Radio Orchestra*; 8.30, *Bella Redford* (mezzo-soprano); 8.30, *Radio Orchestra*; 8.50, *Bella Redford*; 9.30, news and weather forecast; 9.45, *Radio Orchestra*; 10, Sydney Wright (cellist); 10.10, *Radio Trio*; 10.20, *Earle Gilson*; 10.30, *Tonight*; 10.40, time signals from Paris.

BIRMINGHAM (420 metres).—*Tonight*: 6.45, children's corner; 7.15, Mr. Fred Wright (tenor); 7.15-7.30, Miss Margaret Atwell (violinist); 7.30-7.45, news and weather forecast; 7.45-8, Miss Irene Wright (soprano); 8-8.15, Mr. Raymond Green (entertainer); 8.15-8.30, quartette of the Birmingham City Band; 8.30-8.45, *Any Cate* (comedy); 8.45-9, Messrs. Wright and Cooke (cornet soloists); 9.30-9.45, a Police Band Quartette; 9.45-10, news and weather forecast; 10-10.15, *Radio Orchestra*; 10.15-10.30, *Any Cate*; 10.30-10.45, *Radio Orchestra*; 10.45-11, *Radio Orchestra*; 11-11.15, *Radio Orchestra*; 11.15-11.30, *Radio Orchestra*; 11.30-11.45, *Radio Orchestra*; 11.45-12, *Radio Orchestra*; 12-12.15, *Radio Orchestra*; 12.15-12.30, *Radio Orchestra*; 12.30-12.45, *Radio Orchestra*; 12.45-1, *Radio Orchestra*; 1-1.15, *Radio Orchestra*; 1.15-1.30, *Radio Orchestra*; 1.30-1.45, *Radio Orchestra*; 1.45-2, *Radio Orchestra*; 2-2.15, *Radio Orchestra*; 2.15-2.30, *Radio Orchestra*; 2.30-2.45, *Radio Orchestra*; 2.45-3, *Radio Orchestra*; 3-3.15, *Radio Orchestra*; 3.15-3.30, *Radio Orchestra*; 3.30-3.45, *Radio Orchestra*; 3.45-4, *Radio Orchestra*; 4-4.15, *Radio Orchestra*; 4.15-4.30, *Radio Orchestra*; 4.30-4.45, *Radio Orchestra*; 4.45-5, *Radio Orchestra*; 5-5.15, *Radio Orchestra*; 5.15-5.30, *Radio Orchestra*; 5.30-5.45, *Radio Orchestra*; 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WORLD'S BEST



Aileen Riggan, the sixteen-year-old American diving champion, who holds the women's world title for fancy diving, has just won the 3ft. spring-board title at Brooklyn.

CHILDREN CHEER THE PRINCE OF WALES FOR THE HOLIDAY HE GAVE



London schoolchildren cheering the Prince of Wales, at whose request they were given a holiday yesterday. The Prince received, at the new London County Hall, a cheque for fifty thousand guineas, contributed by children to the London Schools Hospital Fund.—(Daily Mirror.)



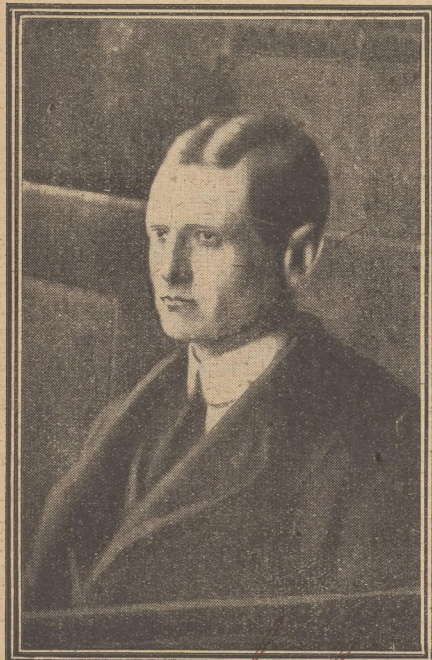
Mr. R. S. Gwynne, M.P., the new Financial Secretary to the War Office in succession to the Hon. F. S. Jackson.



£50,000 GIFT.—Mr. Jenkyn James (left), secretary of the University of Wales, and Lord Kenyon (right), the Pro-Chancellor, leaving York House, where Mr. Dan Radcliffe (inset), the Cardiff shipowner, presented £50,000 to the Prince of Wales as Chancellor.



"BEST-DRESSED WIFE."—Mrs. Nash and (inset) her husband Captain J. V. Nash, who was granted judgment yesterday in the case in which he was sued for £657 for dresses supplied to her.



CHASED THROUGH RIVER.—William Willis in the dock at Chelmsford Police Court yesterday. He was captured after an exciting chase through a river, and is alleged to have brandished a revolver at his pursuers.



MATCH-BOX SIZE WIRELESS.—The miniature wireless set compared in size with an ordinary match-box, by which five people listened-in to Mr. George Robey while Pip and Squeak were on the stage at Covent Garden Opera House.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



JOCKEY AUTHOR.—Mr. Arthur Nightingall, rider of three Grand National winners, will write on the great Aintree race in the super-number of *The Daily Mirror* on Monday.—(Daily Mirror portrait.)